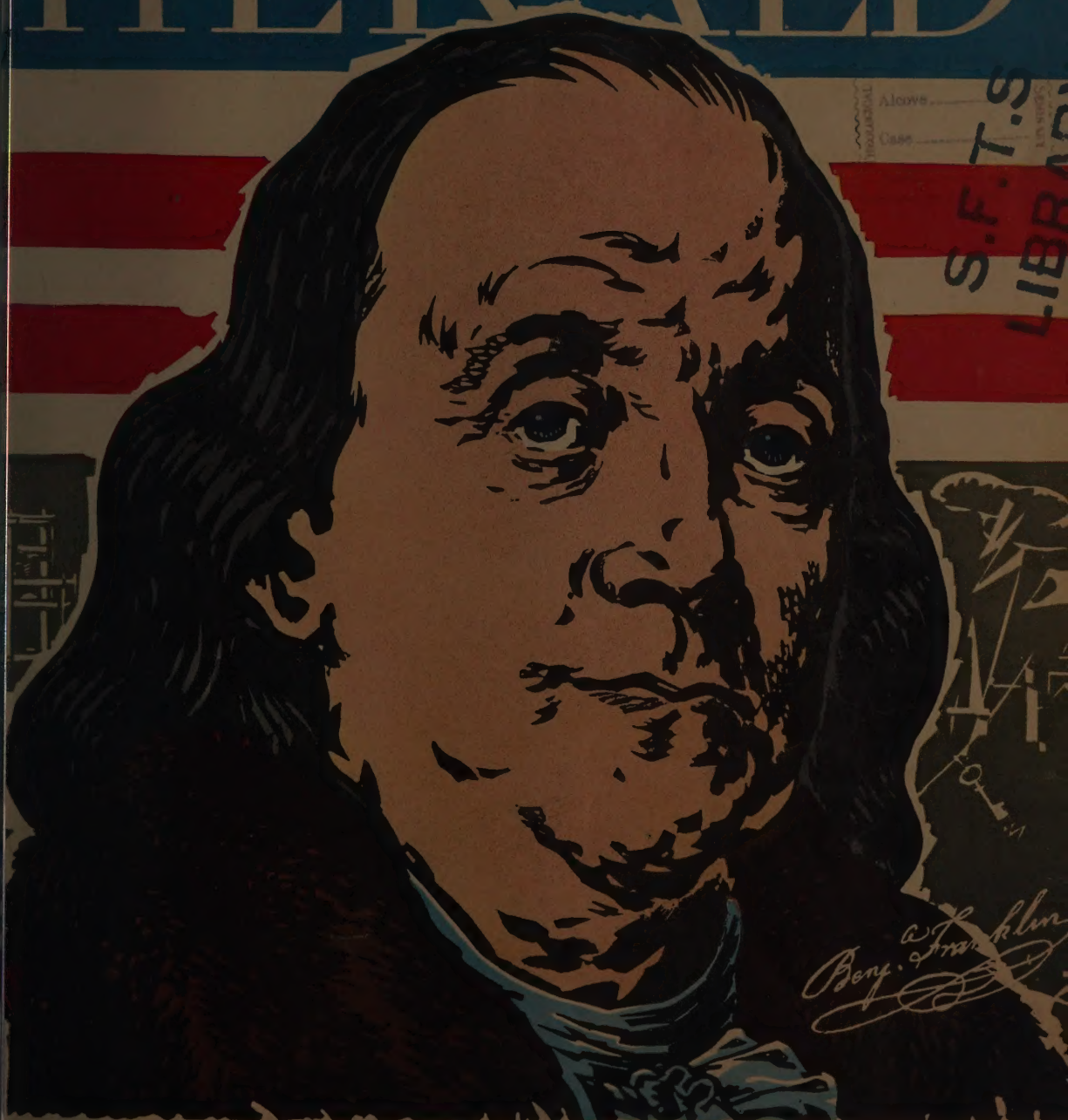
CHRISTIAN HERALD



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WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON - - -
MMORTALITY - - - By Charles M. Sheldon
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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

GIOTTO

1266 - 1336

AFTER the long night of the Middle Ages, daybreak at last appeared in the world of art. It came suddenly in the shining genius of one man, Ambrogiotto di Bondone, remembered universally by the contraction Giotto, a name which stands for most of the great things in painting. As the art of the twentieth century has consciously sought to throw aside the burden of useless erudition, to find a meaning in life, and to express the significant emotions in the simplest terms, it has continually retreated, with the result that the oldest and earliest of the masters is now leading the procession.

Giotto took the art of painting from the cobwebbed cellars of medievalism into the daylight where he might observe the actions of men as they went about their business. He was a painter of many experiences, but he retained, in his maturity, that extraordinary freshness of vision which is the special property of children and poets. He was a religious painter, after the custom of his time, but the first to connect dramatic stories with living people; the first to give movement to figures; and to make the sacred matter of art incontrovertibly real and true by portraying it as one who believed in the miracle of life and as one who had observed the effect of the miracle on his fellow men.

Giotto's largest and most important work is at Padua, in a little chapel, the walls of which he decorated in fresco with subjects taken from the lives of the parents of Mary, the Virgin herself, and the Son of God. These stories which have filled the soul with strange and contradictory feelings of joy and terror and sorrow, which young and old from generation to generation have tried to visualize and reconcile with their own imaginings, Giotto painted in a language that is eternally comprehensible to everyone possessed of sight. The Flight into Egypt is one of the finest of his frescoes and one of the noblest masterpieces of art. In St. Matthew's Gospel, the source of the story, the flight takes place at night; the Florentine artist painted it in the light of day, with the central characters beautifully joined and emphasized. It is not only a Biblical illustration, but also the old human story of mother and child fleeing from danger—they carry no baggage except drinking vessels—a story told with a stately tenderness and simplicity of means unrivaled in painting.

NUMBER TWO

This is the second of a series of reproductions in *Christian Herald* of the great religious paintings. The originals, all by old masters, are in various parts of the world, and all valuable beyond price. Accompanying each reproduction will be a description of the painting and something about the artist, by the noted art critic, Thomas Craven. The picture next month will be The Meeting of Joachim and Anna, by Giotto.

We are able to present this feature to *Christian Herald* readers through an arrangement with Simon and Schuster, publishers of "The Treasury of Art Masterpieces."

The Best in RADIO

Selected Programs on July Airwaves

(All Time Is Eastern Daylight Saving Time)

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

8:00 A.M. News of Europe. International news broadcasts—CBS and NBC-Red and Blue.
9:15 A.M. Richard Maxwell, songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh, the gospel singer—Red.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour, guest speakers—Blue.
1:15 P.M. Between the Bookends. Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—Blue.
1:30 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn, editing the day's news—Red.
2:00 P.M. Light of the World. Bible dramatized in modern prose—Red.
5:30 P.M. Ireene Wicker, musical stories for children—Blue.
5:45 P.M. Bud Barton, dramatization of real problems confronting boys—Blue.
6:05 P.M. Edwin C. Hill, human side of the news—CBS.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, news commentator—Blue.
8:55 P.M. Elmer Davis, news commentator—CBS.
10:45 P.M. The World Tonight. Major George Fielding Eliot—CBS.

SUNDAYS

9:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. Negro spirituals and devotional talk—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air, services conducted by representatives of the major faiths—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Highlights of the Bible. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm—Red.
10:30 A.M. March of Games, children's quiz show—CBS.
10:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals and devotional talk—Blue.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air, symphony orchestra, soloists—Blue.
12:00 noon The Story of All of Us. History of world dramatized for children—Red.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle, choir offering religious music—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1.30 P.M. Democracy in Action. Workings of American government—CBS.
2:30 P.M. So You Think You Know Music. Music quiz—CBS.
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table discussion—Red.
3:00 P.M. Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Howard Barlow conducting—CBS.
3:15 P.M. Foreign Policy Association. Discussion of American foreign policy by experts—Blue.
4:00 P.M. Sunday Vespers, Dr. Paul Scherer—Blue.
4:30 P.M. Invitation to Learning. Discussion of great books—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Fun in Print. A literary quiz—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Fisk Jubilee Choir—Blue.
8:00 P.M. Columbia Workshop, presentation of unusual radio dramas—CBS.
8:30 P.M. One Man's Family, dramatization of family life—Red.
9:00 P.M. Ford Summer Hour. Jessica Dragonette, soprano—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. Haenschen Concert orchestra—Red.
11:00 P.M. Headlines and By-Lines. Up-to-minute news—CBS.

MONDAYS

1:30 P.M. Frontiers of American Life. Dr. Mark Dawber—Blue.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches, directed by Joe Emerson—Red.
4:00 P.M. Columbia's Lecture Hall. Famed lecturers on serious subjects—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Bob Trout, news commentator—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Paul Sullivan Reviews the News—CBS.
7:15 P.M. Youth Tells Its Story. Series of dramatizations based on findings of American Youth Commission—Blue.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn, editing the day's news—Red.
8:00 P.M. The Telephone Hour. Symphony orchestra—Red.
8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks—Red.
10:00 P.M. Gallant American Women. Dramatization of contributions made to culture of the country by women—Blue.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented program, soloists—Red.
10:30 P.M. Columbia Concert Orchestra, Howard Barlow conducting—CBS.
11:30 P.M. National Radio Forum, leading figures in nation's life presented from Washington—Blue.

TUESDAYS

12:15 P.M. Nature Sketches—informal wayside chats on natural wonders—Red.
1:15 P.M. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, informal chats to women—Red.
1:30 P.M. Devotional service, Lowell Patton at organ—Blue
2:30 P.M. United States Army Band—Blue.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—Red.
4:15 P.M. Of Men and Books. Reviews of current books—CBS.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn, editing the day's news—Red.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Program designed to stump the experts—Blue.
9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatization of highlights in the nation's history—Blue.
9:00 P.M. We, the People. Gabriel Heatter interviews unusual people—CBS.
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs. People in the news discuss current public problems—CBS.

WEDNESDAYS

1:30 P.M. Christian Education. Today and Tomorrow—Dr. Luther Wesley Smith—BLUE.
2:00 P.M. Music For Young Listeners. Music appreciation program—BLUE.
2:15 P.M. Echoes of History. Dramatization of historic orations, alternate Wednesdays—BLUE.
4:00 P.M. Columbia's Lecture Hall, lecturers on cultural subjects—CBS.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn, editing the day's news—RED.
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Columbia's Concert Orchestra, Howard Barlow conducting—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Radio Magic. Interpretation of science for the layman—BLUE.

THURSDAYS

12:15 P.M. Southernaires—Negro spirituals—BLUE.
1:15 P.M. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt—informal chats to women—RED.
1:30 P.M. Common Sense and Sentiment. Dr. Alvin E. Magary—BLUE.
2:00 P.M. How Do You Know. General science program—BLUE.
2:15 P.M. Travelling Cook. Richard Kent gives foreign recipes—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—Red.
4:15 P.M. Adventures in Science. Watson Davis interviews prominent scientists—CBS.
9:00 P.M. Toronto Promenade Symphony, summer concert series—BLUE.
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.

FRIDAYS

1:30 P.M. At Home in the World. Dr. Leslie Bates Moss—BLUE.
2:00 P.M. Your Voice and You. Dramatic examples of right and wrong use of voice—BLUE.
4:00 P.M. Exploring Space. Educational astronomical program—CBS.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucille Manners and Frank Black—RED.
9:30 P.M. This Amazing America. Quiz program on the country—BLUE.
10:45 P.M. Human Nature in Action. Dr. Harry D. Lasswell—RED.
11:30 P.M. U. S. Antarctic Expedition Salute, alternate Fridays—RED.

SATURDAYS

10:00 A.M. Travelling Cook. Richard Kent—BLUE.
10:30 A.M. Bright Idea Club. Instructive ideas for youngsters—RED.
11:05 A.M. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music—CBS.
12:15 P.M. Nature Sketches. Informal chats on natural wonders—RED.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors. Service to nation's philatelists—RED.
1:15 P.M. Highways to Health. Instructive medical talks—CBS.
2:00 P.M. I'm An American. Naturalized Americans discuss democratic way of life—RED.
5:30 P.M. The Human Adventure. Dramatization of the important research being done by world universities—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Religion in the News. Dr. Walter Van Kirk—RED.
6:30 P.M. Renfrew of the Mounted. Dramatized stories of the Canadian "mounties"—BLUE.
7:00 P.M. People's Platform. Lyman Bryson entertains four average Americans at dinner and discusses current problems—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Radio Guild. Oldest dramatic organization in radio—BLUE.
10:15 P.M. Public Affairs—CBS.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

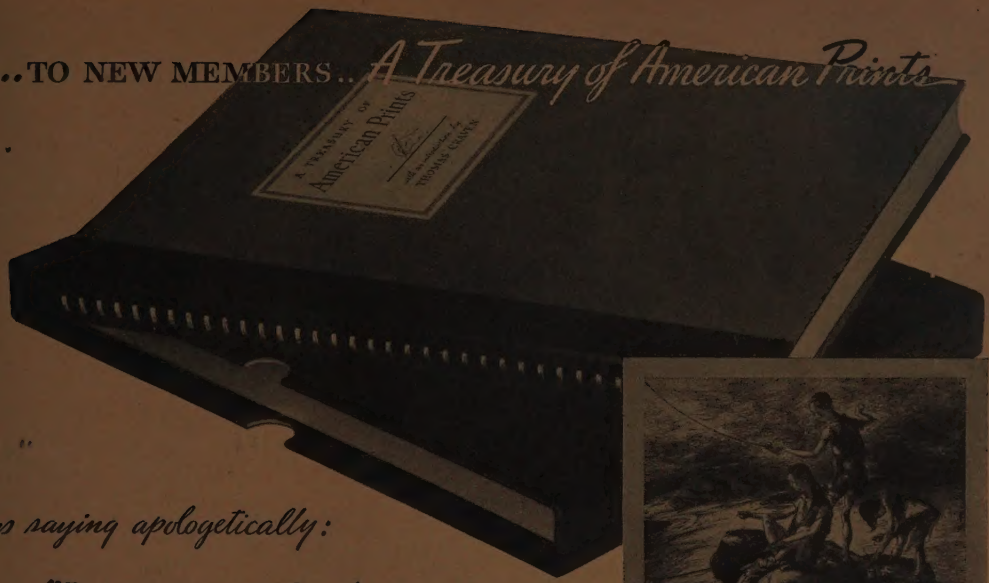
THE romance, as well as the important developments, in aviation plays a major role in the new and timely air show, "Wings Over America," which made its radio debut last month. The half-hour programs consist of a round-table discussion on vital questions in the growth of aviation; a dramatization highlighting—an achievement of historical significance; and a brief talk by a guest speaker, an expert in the field. (Sundays, 12:30 p.m., EDST, NBC-Red)

STARS of the American lecture stage, many of them authorities in subjects important to the world of 1940, are appearing before the microphone in a new twice-weekly series, "Columbia's Lecture Hall." Monday speakers feature the more serious topics such as current events, history, economics and science. Wednesday guests come from the cultural fields of literature, drama, art, and music. (Monday and Wednesday, 4:00 p.m., EDST, CBS)

DUE to the importance network officials attach to Church activities during present world conditions, Dr. Walter Van Kirk will continue his "Religion in the News" broadcasts through July 20. Van Kirk, originally scheduled to wind up his series last May, interprets each week significant happenings in the field of religion.

"LISTEN AND LIVE," a program presented by the American Red Cross, is an attempt to save the thousands of lives lost each year through carelessness and ignorance. Stressing information on first aid and accident prevention the broadcast features a guest speaker and a dramatization based on actual cases culled from the Red Cross files. (Sundays, 1:00 p.m., EDST, NBC-Blue)

Free... TO NEW MEMBERS .. *A Treasury of American Prints*



"FISHERMEN THREE" *by John E. Costigan, N.A., S.A.E.*

He is always saying apologetically:

"I just can't find any time to read books!"

Yet... **IF HE SPENT (ON AN AVERAGE) ONLY 30 MINUTES A DAY—BEFORE BEDTIME, OR WHILE TRAVELLING TO OR FROM WORK, OR IN OTHER LEISURE MOMENTS—HE COULD EASILY READ EVERY BEST-SELLER DURING THE YEAR, AND A GREAT DEAL MORE!**

AN average of *only half an hour a day* would have enabled you to read, within the past few months, every one of the following widely-discussed new books:

NATIVE SON *by Richard Wright*
KITTY FOYLE *by Christopher Morley*
THE NAZARENE *by Sholem Asch*
FAILURE OF A MISSION *by Sir Nevile Henderson*
HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY *by Richard Llewellyn*
THE GRAPES OF WRATH *by John Steinbeck*
ESCAPE *by Ethel Vance*
MR. SKEFFINGTON *by Elizabeth*
A SMATTERING OF IGNORANCE *by Oscar Levant*
HOW TO READ A BOOK *by Mortimer J. Adler*
WIND, SAND AND STARS *by Antoine de Saint Exupéry*
DAYS OF OUR YEARS *by Pierre van Paassen*

Instead, you may have been confessing to friends that you could "never get around to reading books."

Over 250,000 book-reading families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club by far the most effectual way to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in. It is an interesting fact that, of the national best-sellers listed above, seven were chosen as the book-of-the-month.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our judges, *in advance of its publication.* If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you merely ask for it. Or you can use these reports to guide you in buying from a favored bookseller. In other words, you can browse in bookstores as always, but now do it more intelligently; you know what to look for.

In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

So many of the Club's members ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among the Club's members—*one for every two books-of-the-month you buy.* For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive about 75¢ back in the form of free books, figured at retail value.

You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.* Your only obligation is to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

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If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you free, as a new member, this unusual volume. (Retail price: $3.95). This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose any past book-dividend which we still have on hand.

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Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive a free copy of A TREASURY OF AMERICAN PRINTS, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book-dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

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HOW TO SOLVE

one of your most important money problems

No money problem you face is more important than the question—"Where does my money go?"!

Do you know?

Or do you try to get through from payday to payday with an income that mysteriously disappears before it should... because of expenditures that you *can't account for?* With the result that bills pile up—and you never seem able to get even with the world!

If you make a regular and adequate income, and still find yourself unable to make both ends meet—then you owe it to yourself to do this one thing!

Get your copy of a new book that has been especially developed to help people get their finances on the track—and keep them there! A book that enables individuals *to do for themselves* what every business *must do* to survive.

The Key to Money Management

This book gives you a simple, clear, easy way to keep a daily record of all family expenditures. By showing you how you spend your money, it paves the way for better management of your income. It can show how much you should set aside for various living expenses—far better than any ready-made budget which doesn't take into account your personal problems.

The book is called "Living" Expenses and is so clear and simple in its operation that even people who have trouble with "figures" find it easy to use. It is *not* a budget book! A few minutes with this book daily may save you years of regret!

Mail the coupon immediately to Investors Syndicate. Enclose 10¢ in cash or stamps to cover handling and postage. Do it *now!*

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Please send me your new booklet "Living" Expenses. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing.

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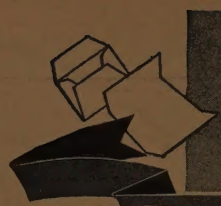

Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

YES, WE NEED DISCIPLINE

The more I read of cocktail parties and other wild escapades of over-indulged youths, the more convinced I am that in recent generations we have had too much "psychology" and too little old-fashioned discipline in the American home. What do you think?

IN GENERAL, I agree. "Psychology" is, of course, placed in quotes! We have over-worked the word "self-expression" and sinned against the children of these generations by not giving them what every child requires in the way both of example and of discipline. Discipline without a good example is futile and intolerable. The parent who punishes a child for saying or doing what the parent again and again does in the presence of the child, shames his or her parenthood. Self-control must be taught early if it is to be practiced both early and late in the individual life. If as parents we fail to discipline our children, then we release them to the world unprepared to meet life's social requirements. Our indulgence becomes their greatest handicap. Presently they will turn upon us with bitter condemnation.

HE WAS AWARE

Was not Jesus fully aware of His divinity and the inevitable sacrifices that He was to make eventually, even when He was a young boy?

JESUS CHRIST was always God's only begotten Son. That never changed. Jesus Christ had the sense of the Presence and that intimate, inner knowledge of the relationship. But also, as the Record tells us—and there is no contradiction here—He grew and increased in His physical proportions, in His mind and "in favor with God and man."

LEARN THE REASONS

My parents don't like the man, but I love him. What shall I do?

FIND out first why your parents do not like the man. Theirs may be an unjustified prejudice or they may have reasons—reasons that you should know. Generally, parents desire the well-being of their children and make sacrifices to help and prosper their children. Finally, of course, the child of responsible years must make the choice. Parents should not attempt to do that. But by all means find out the reasons for this attitude. If there are no real reasons, that should be known too.

AS TO CHURCH SUPPERS

Our church has burned to the ground. We have now finished the foundation and are going forward with the building. What do you think of suppers in the basement, with a charge that enables us to make a reasonable profit, which is in turn applied to the church debt?

I BELIEVE that the ideal way to finance a church program is from direct contributions, the participation of all in the work of the Kingdom. I know, too, that where the tithing principle has been generally adopted there is no financial shortage and every need is cared for. On the other hand, I do not take an extreme position in regard to such suppers as these described. It is for the individual congregation to decide.

CURTIS WILL PUBLISH NO LIQUOR ADS

I understand that the Curtis Publishing Company, publishers of the Saturday Evening Post, *the* Ladies Home Journal, *and the* Country Gentleman, *has decided not to accept liquor advertising. Is this so?*

IT IS so! The officers of the company made the decision, but at the annual business meeting one year ago, a stockholder served notice that he would ask for a change in policy on the ground "that liquor advertising was not objec-

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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Subscription Price $2.00 a year in the U. S., U. S. Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland; elsewhere add $1.00 a year. Notify us immediately of any change of address, as it requires a month for a change to become effective. . . Entered as Second Class Matter January 25, 1909 at Post Office at New York, N.Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in the Act of February 29, 1925, embodied in paragraph 4, Section 538, Postal Laws and Regulations and authorized on September 13, 1928. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

OUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

onable." At the recently held annual eeting, he mustered just four per cent the stockholders in support of his esolution! Ninety-six per cent of the ockholders voted against accepting quor advertising in any of the three agazines. The president of the company stated that the decision was rompted by business reasons. That is ratifying, indeed.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE OLD

A great deal has been said about the chievements of youth, but is it not a act that the work done by men and omen of mature years is equally, if not ore, distinguished?

THIS question deserves a rather full answer, and the facts are comforting all who live now and work beyond the eridian of life. Professor Thorndyke of olumbia University calls seventy the asterpiece year of age. He insists that nly forty per cent of the world's greatest ork has been done at or before forty. Oliver Wendell Holmes at seventy-ine wrote "Over the Teacups." Cato at ighty began the study of Greek; and ennyson was eighty-three when he rote "Crossing the Bar." George Bernard Shaw at eighty-three is the world's ost famous playwright. Sophocles rote his "Greek Tragedy" at eighty-ine. Voltaire was in the height of his ctivities at eighty-nine. Goethe wrote Faust" when past eighty. Noah Webter learned seventeen languages after e was fifty. Scott, the Commentator, egan the study of Hebrew at eighty-even. Wagner composed "Parsifal" at ixty-nine. Michael Angelo achieved his distinction after sixty. Verdi produced is masterpiece, "Otello" at seventy-four, nd wrote "Ave Maria" at eighty-five. Kant wrote his greatest works at seventy-our and later. Gladstone, Europe's noblest statesman, was at the height of his powers after eighty. Why, it is written n the record that a colored man was icensed to preach at 107!

CHRISTIAN HERALD
JULY, 1940 Vol. 63, No. 7

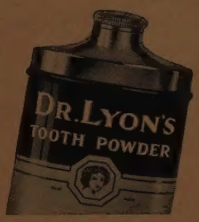
Published monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . . Daniel A. Poling; Vice President . . . J. Paul Maynard; Treasurer . . . Irene Wilcox.

Do As Your Dentist Does—

when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

Nothing else cleans and polishes teeth more quickly and leaves them more naturally white—than POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know — almost always uses powder.



All Cleansing Properties

As it is only the powder part of most dentifrices that cleans, a dentifrice that is all powder just naturally cleans effectively. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—all cleansing properties.

For over seventy years many dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder because normal teeth simply cannot remain dull and dingy looking when it is used.

No Acid, No Grit or Pumice

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder cleans and polishes the teeth in a harmless, practical way that leaves them sparkling with natural brightness. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed and your breath so sweet and pure. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is a special dental powder developed for HOME USE by a distinguished practicing dentist. Free from all acids, grit or pumice, it cannot possibly injure or scratch the tooth enamel, as years of constant use have shown. Even as a neutralizer in acid mouth conditions, Dr. Lyon's is an effective antacid.

Costs Less to Use

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder regularly—consult your dentist periodically—eat a diet rich in minerals and vitamins, and you will be doing all that you can possibly do to protect your teeth.

Dr. Lyon's is more economical to use. In the same size and price class it outlasts tooth paste two to one. Even a small package will last you for months.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

AS THEY GROW... SO WILL THEIR CHILDREN GO

HAVE you ever thought how much your Christian background has given you? How much strength and almost unconscious guidance you have enjoyed because of the Christian training you received in your childhood? Can you think of anything finer to do as a Christian than to make it possible for little children to know about Christ and His love for them? To give little children the foundation of Christianity that you have had?

There are pitifully few Protestant Churches in the city's slums—in fact judging from the children who have vacations at Mont Lawn it would be safe to say that few Protestant children living in the city slums go to Sunday School or know much about religion. There are probably many reasons why this condition exists—some good but most of them not good enough—nevertheless the condition exists as one of the basic reasons why so much crime and viciousness stem from poverty.

Mont Lawn is interested in the spiritual and mental as well as the physical health of the children who will be the parents of the next generation—AS THEY GROW SO WILL THEIR CHILDREN GO. A vacation at Mont Lawn means an opportunity to grow spiritually, mentally and physically. We are convinced from the results of long years of work at Mont Lawn that even two weeks can make strong enough impression to influence the living of whole families: through the years men and women have come back to serve as workers and councilors to the children they understand so well.

Give the children of the slums a vacation from their poverty—the impressions made on them in their childhood can mar or make their adulthood.

Mont Lawn Chap

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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

THE WAR

TOTAL WAR: When the German push into Belgium and Holland began, we all felt that at last the Nazis would meet their match. Today we are doing little but shaking our heads. The blinding speed of it, the almost unbelievable progress of the Germans in such a short time has left us almost as groggy as the defenders in the front lines. Blitzkrieg is the word for it.

Why has this thing happened? Why were the Germans within twenty-two miles of London after just eighteen days of war? There are two reasons for it. One is that the Allies have been caught napping. While the democracies have been sitting around dreaming of how fine things were in the world, an embittered Germany has been working furiously to upset things as they were. How the Allied intelligence services ever missed all that preparation will remain one of the great mysteries of all history. Six-mile-a-minute bombers, parachute troops, fifth column, mosquito fleets in the water, flame throwing tanks of tremendous size and speed—for all these the Allies simply were not ready. It is sad but tragically true.

The other reason is that the Germans have staged a brand-new type of fighting, taught the world a new tactic in aggressive warfare. It has been a costly mailed-fist boxing lesson for the Allies. The French and British old-school generals somehow had an idea that this war would be fought quite as World War I was fought. They blundered there. Ruthless bombing, that wiped out everything, blew that idea sky-high in less than a week. The Nazi heavy bomber flew at the head of a wedge, opening up a gap in the defender's lines through which poured the heavy tank. (The Allies were told months ago that they had no anti-tank gun effective against that tank, yet when it came the best they could do was to trot out the old French 75 against it!) On the heels of the tank, widening the wedge and the gap, came infantry—not afoot but *in trucks*. All this bit deep into the Allied rear and communications, raising a havoc behind the lines that left the front-line defender all but helpless. It created bulges, and the pocket in which were trapped six hundred thousand men near the Channel—and the Belgians, whose King gave up.

This is war on a new scale. The world must reckon with it.

OUTCOME: He would be a rash man, at this point, who would pick the winner. Today it seems as if the Nazis have victory within easy grasp; tomorrow that French line looks as if it would hold forever—and if it holds another month the Nazis are doomed. They can't stand a long war.

But whoever wins, this is certain: we in this generation are watching the death of a world, the passing forever of one way of living in that world. Never again will life be the same on this planet. Never again will any nation put its trust in purely defensive war; it's blitzkrieg for all of us from now on. Never again will we put our trust in small-nation alliances; one well-organized nation under a ruthless dictatorial head has destroyed that for good. There is no longer any such thing as neutrality; our children will speak of international law with their tongues in their cheeks.

In short, the old formulas we have been using as crutches in walking through a swiftly-changing world have broken down—and let us down! We will have to rebuild our action as well as our ruined cities and towns.

LEOPOLD: The surrender of Belgium's King is still hotly discussed by almost everyone in the world except the King. He seems quite sure of the justice of his action. You may agree or not agree. It may be best that we wait until we hear the whole story; none of us know yet just why Leopold quit.

It is all right for us to call him a coward—when we are three thousand miles removed from the war, but he was in the thick of it. He saw his people and his country ravaged again as they were ravaged in 1914, saw his troops (or so he says) running out of food and ammunition, saw the situation becoming daily more hopeless. Perhaps he was acting from the noblest of humanitarian instincts in trying to save his people; perhaps it was German pressure that did it.

We do not damn him. We pity him. And we can't help wondering what his soldier-father, if he be watching from his warrior's Valhalla, thinks of it!

CHINA: By the way, what ever happened to China? Anyone know? We find a news item on China every once in a while, tucked away among the want ads or the obituaries, but we take little time reading it. Poor Chiang certainly got the "rush" off the front page, overnight.

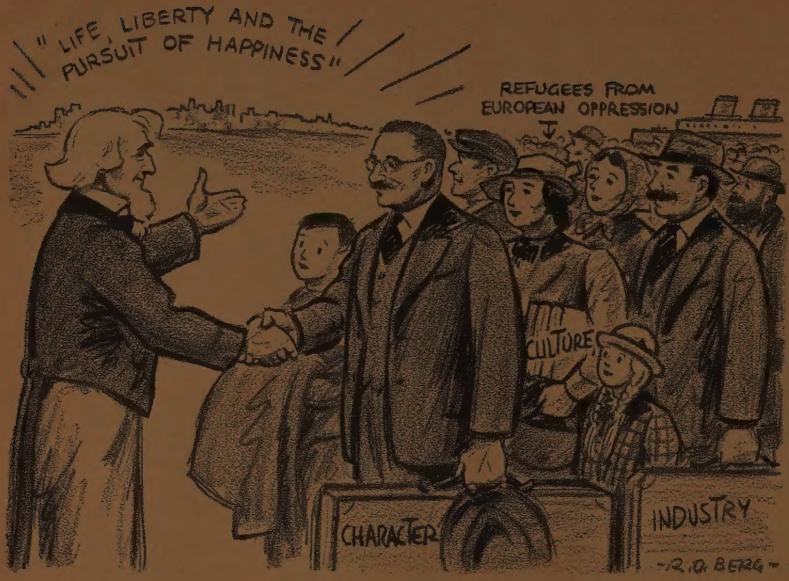
Perhaps we're wrong in not reading those items more carefully. This month, Japan made an unprecedented bid for peace—offering the most liberal terms to Old Chiang that she has ever offered—and the Generalissimo turned it down, cold. Japan may be about ready to cry 'nuff, if she can cry it and still save her face. Ponder this: Three years ago the Chinese had 1,600,000 men under arms. The Japanese killed 1,250,000 of them—and today China has 3,000,000 under arms and trained and ready to go!

Japan may "control" thousands of miles of Chinese soil, but what of it? Chiang still collects tax-money support from ninety-eight per cent of China! Out of the garrisoned towns the invader collects about two per cent of the total taxes paid into both war coffers. And the Japanese people at home have tightened their economic belts to the last notch; they can't go much further.

No wonder the Japanese Junkers are eyeing the Dutch East Indies. You need resources to keep a war going, and Japan hasn't much left.

Only one thing now can defeat the Chinese. If the hardpressed British, in desperation, make a deal with Japan and close the Burma road, and the Indo-China road, Chiang's last supply line will be cut, and he'll be through. So the Chinese as well as the Westerner is praying for Allied triumph along the English Channel. It's a small world.

ROME: Il Duce blusters, roars, threatens—and sits tight. He may be in the



UNCLE SAM: "It looks to me like a pretty fair exchange"

war before you read this; a lot of newspaper men in Italy say he will. But mark this: he will be sure he is going in on the winning side when he does go in.

Up to the moment, Mussolini has been of far more aid to Hitler with his bluster than he would be with his armies. Nobody in Europe is much afraid of Italy in a war, but the Allies must keep their fleet Mediterranean-bound, and keep a sizable army in the Near East so long as there is a danger of Italy coming to Germany's aid.

There is also this in the picture: that meeting of Hitler and Il Duce some weeks ago, in the mountain pass, was not held to play a friendly game of checkers. Something happened there. Something was agreed upon. Il Duce will get his "cut" out of the victory-pie, if victory there be; the size and nature of his slice is probably quite clearly defined, even now. He knows the part he is expected to play—and he'll play it to the hilt, either with bluster or with guns.

IRELAND: All eyes on Eire! Ireland can be taken as an illustration of the plight of Britain's outlying possessions—even tho I'll probably get a lot of mail telling me that Ireland is *not* a British possession! Maybe so; but Ireland is a war-thermometer worth watching. What happens to her will happen to many another overseas dominion of England's, if England loses.

The I.R.A. (Irish Republican Army) holds real threat as a fifth column; the British have not forgotten the subversive activities of Roger Casement and the Easter Rebellion of 1916. If Ireland, or that portion of Ireland which still hates the British with a hatred red and deep, should turn on England now and give aid and comfort to the enemy, England would indeed be in a bad fix. Some fear that, others say that London and Dublin will cooperate. We'll see.

We think if we were in Ireland, this would concern us: is it better for Ireland to be under the sway of Germany than under that of England? Just what kind of "freedom" will the arch-Irish-patriots have if Hitler wins? The same question would concern us if we lived in Penang, Bombay or Cape Town. What if the British Empire cracks up? One foreign correspondent said this week that if that happened, we could expect 100 years of bitter war before the thing were straightened out—if it were ever straightened out.

The whole British Empire, (and perhaps the whole world) is in much the position of the little Italian town of Pompeii on the night of February 5, 63 A.D.

AT HOME

DEFENSE: Have you heard the story about the noisy booster from Chicago? Twitted by an Old World artist on our American lack of culture, he replied: "Culture? What's that? Never heard of it. But make up your mind to this: maybe we haven't got it now, but when we do go after it in America, we'll get ourselves a goldplated culture."

Something like that seems to describe the way we are all feeling, and acting now about our American national defense. Evidently we haven't had much of a national defense up to now—in spite of more than seven billions spent on it in the last seven years—but now we're about to have one that is gold plated. Or is it solid gold? First the President asked for a billion for national defense; then it grew to three billion; now it's four. That's a lot of money in any currency.

And we can expect to spend more than four billions, if Germany wins in Europe. The frank truth is that we are about to enter an armament race with eighty million people in the heart of Europe who for twenty years have been thinking of nothing but war, and who have been spending twenty-five to forty per cent of their total energies and resources getting ready for it. Granted a respite to rearm after victory, would it be possible for the U. S. to meet their arming pace at all?

We will arm, furiously. Taxes will shoot skyhigh. There is no help for it, in view of what has happened in Europe. Threatened by a Hitler who marches first and declares war afterward, what else is there to do? And there deepens in us, as the picture of our unpreparedness rounds out, a sickening consciousness that we are in poorer shape for a Blitzkrieg than even France and England were six weeks ago.

UNPREPARED: A National Guard officer in a strategically important Eastern state reports that the Guard of that State has one gas mask for every seven men! The U. S. Navy's Chief of Naval Operations reports that the Navy's ships are absolutely helpless without a vast air armada to protect them. Chief of Staff of the Army says the Army cannot possibly be ready, however much money is lavished upon it, until December 1941. More appalling still is the fact that both Army and Navy suffer not so much from shortage of materials as they do from shortage of trained officers! And money can't buy that.

It will take time. It will take brains. Already the President has formed a National Defense Emergency Coordinating Group as the vital first step. His aides are industrialists—men who have organized American business on a huge scale in the past, who now must coordinate American industrial effort in production on even a greater scale. They should be able to do it. This country has built 166,794 factories and produced sixty-five per cent of the world's automobiles and led the way in mass production. We can do it.

The horrible thing about all this is that we are forced to do it, whether we want to or not. A nation hating war as we hate it, a nation never imperialistic, a nation loving peace, is compelled to prepare for war as it has never prepared before.

HYSTERIA: The net result of Germany's itch for battle in Europe has been death and ruin; the net result in America is near-hysteria. Official proposals are made that all aliens be registered and fingerprinted; Mr. Dies of the famous

Committee has submitted a bill to deport all alien Nazis, Fascists, Communists; a National Legion of Mothers is learning to shoot—at parachutists; Minute Men bands are being formed, with Legionnaires leading; swastikas are being painted on the sidewalks and houses of suspected fifth columnists and German sympathizers, and at least one man has been shot and killed on suspicion that he was one of the Trojan horsemen. It all counts up to near-hysteria.

Never was there a time when America needed so to keep her wits as she needs to keep them now. We need a Blitzkrieg against fear, against nerves; what we must have is coordination and not hysteria.

HUMANITY: Are you sick of hearing nothing but war, war, war? Your editor is: he is about ready to sell his radio. Let's get away from it, even if we have to report news that is not front-page stuff.

Up in Oakville, Connecticut, for the past three years, there has been a little boy sitting in a front window. Kenneth Andrus was fighting rheumatic fever. He was put there in the window to get the sun and within a few weeks he was known to thousands of motorists and truck drivers as "the little boy in the front window." They loved him; he always smiled. Grownups sent him candy, flowers; his playmates played their games under his window so he could see them and laugh.

Just last week he gave up his fight, died. Truck drivers wept; the whole town mourned. Merchants and city fathers and children took up a collection. He was a lesson in courage and faith in a tough spot. He was humanity at its best; and humanity demonstrated itself in the actions of those who watched him slowly die. War or no war, people want to be like that!

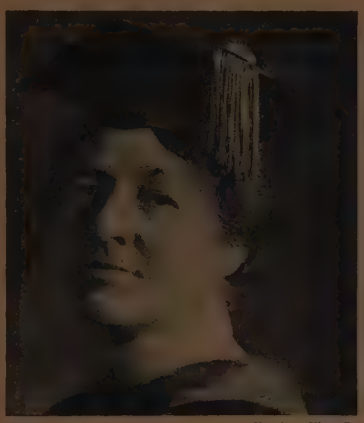
FRIEND, FOE: Asked by *Fortune* to tell who were their friends and their enemies, a cross section of office workers, farm and mine workers, salesmen, factory and railway employees, domestics, WPA men, CCC boys and unemployed voted as follows on the following question and the following men. Question: "Which of these people do you feel have been on the whole helpful to labor and which harmful?" The vote:

The Man	Helpful	Harmful	Don't Know
Henry Ford	73.6%	12.3%	14.1%
Senator Wagner	51.8	5.6	42.6
William Green	49.7	18.2	32.1
Sec. of Labor Perkins	43.4	19.4	37.2
Alfred P. Sloan Jr.	25.5	7.7	66.8
John L. Lewis	32.6	44.6	22.8
Norman Thomas	14.1	20.5	65.4
Tom Girdler	4.4	9.7	85.9
Earl Browder	4.2	39.4	56.4

That tells a great deal about labor. When we study the startling "I Don't Know" column, it tells us, for one thing, that Labor is in a daze; that a large portion of it needs education that it may know its friends from its enemies. Labor should know.

IDEAL: Now we have a Mr. America as well as a Miss America. This month, in Manhattan, Mr. John C. Grimek was chosen as the ideal man. He's a weightlifter. He has muscles. What he has beyond that to qualify him for the position the judges didn't bother about.

It may be good publicity for the weight-lifting business, but what's ideal about it? Some little consideration might be given to mentality in a Mr. America. Or to moral, social and religious attitudes. It takes something more than muscle to make a man. Steinmetz was a hunchback; Robert Louis Stevenson was a physical weakling. Yet, compared with Mr. America. . . . !



Keystone View Co.

MRS. AURELIA HENRY REINHARDT, PRESIDENT OF MILLS COLLEGE IN CALIFORNIA, AND FIRST WOMAN MODERATOR OF THE UNITARIAN ASSEMBLY

What she says:

"Everything has come to me naturally. I've faced no great crisis or sudden conversion, religiously; to me, religion is a part of living."

GROWTH: It will be many a moon before the complete figures of the 1940 Census are in, tabulated and published, but enough of them are in—and published—to make the citizens of Portland and Seattle stop, look and listen. Certain trends have been uncovered by the census-takers which threaten the hopes of the bigger-and-better-cities men on the Coast.

Portland is slightly short of the 1930 figure of 391,815, as we go to press; the Chamber of Commerce and the Mayor are making determined efforts to round up every citizen who has escaped being counted. Mayor Carson even conducted an expedition into the city's beer parlors and seamen's hotels to register the unregistered!

Seattle, too, shows a drop, for the first time in sixty years. Reason? John Boettiger of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer says it's because the people of Seattle "are demanding and getting *lebensraum* (room to live.)" He may be right. Just north of the city limits, 11,000 new homes have been built since the '30 census. South of town 6,000 new houses have been erected. There is quick and easy access to the country from Seattle, and a lot of Seattle citizens seem to prefer the great open spaces to the city. At least 3,000 Seattle families, says the Chamber of Commerce, have moved out to the land around Grand Coulee Dam, 250 miles away.

A decline, or a halting of growth in our big cities may be a healthy sign, rather than a misfortune.

We wait with bated breath for other cities to report. Is this true of the whole country? Has the move back to the land started?

PHILADELPHIA: In U. S. District Court stood Mrs. Anna Evanosich, forty-five year old Yugoslav mother of eight children, applying for citizenship papers. Asked the usual question about defending the U. S., she replied, "If they come this way, we help. To go over there, no!" In a decision that violates all U. S. naturalization precedents, Judge Welsh gave her the papers, commenting: "Here's a woman with common sense. Let's give her credit and not make our laws look ridiculous."

Hundred-per-centers may write calling us down, but we are brash enough to call for three cheers for the Judge—and for the lady. America can use such courage.

CHURCH NEWS

CONVENTIONS: An unimpressed reporter once sent in his write-up of the convention of a great national church. It was devastating; it contained just six words: "No hits, no runs, no errors."

In the three great assemblies (Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptists) that have just concluded, there was no possibility of any such report as that. Things happened. There were fireworks. These are soul-trying times, and these churches realized it. Common to all three gatherings was a consuming desire to face the world as it is, to engage in no wishful thinking as to what it *might* be.

Common to all three were resolutions condemning the appointment of Myron Taylor to the Vatican. The Methodists called for the recall of Mr. Taylor; the other two bodies, if they used less direct language, left no doubt as to their sentiments: all feel that Mr. Roosevelt has committed a blunder in the appointment. All three condemned war in general, and all three begged this country

to stay clear of this war in particular. All three discussed the place and future of the Christian conscientious objector. All three spoke their collective minds freely, without stint. It is encouraging to hear them; this is still a Christian America.

NEW HEADS: Elected moderator of the New York State Congregational Conference is Dr. Allan Knight Chalmers, pastor of Manhattan's Broadway Tabernacle and an "absolute pacifist." There's food for thought in the election of such a man and such a mind at such a time. In his very first address as moderator, Dr. Chalmers said: "There is no way of reconciling the principles of Christianity with the things you are asked to do in war."

Dr. Chalmers was elected at Rochester, and in the same town, at almost the same time, a college president was named moderator of the 152nd General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. He is Dr. William Lindsay Young, president of Park College, Missouri. He won over five contestants. Retiring from the Presbyterian Moderatorship is the famous "Sam" Higginbottom, who has spent most of his life as missionary to India, and who now "can't get back to India fast enough." Once a missionary, always a missionary.

EPISCOPALIANS: Presiding Bishop Tucker of the Protestant Episcopal Church announces a ten-year evangelistic campaign for his church. It is designed, says the Bishop, to reach not only people who are not members of his or some other church, but also to get at the inactive church members. Among the Episcopalians alone, he says *more than half are inactive.* Those of us in other denominations will get scant comfort out of that; there's a tremendous lot of dead wood floating on every denominational sea.

Highly illustrative of the difference of opinion among the leaders of the church in America are two Episcopal statements seen in the papers this month. Speaking in New York, Bishop Manning said: "I hold that we owe our fullest help, both moral and material, to those fighting for the right of the democratic nations, large or small, to live. (The Allies)." He suggested every form of assistance short of troops.

A few miles away, over in Newark, N. J., Bishop Washburn warned us: "We must not allow ourselves to be led blindly into the horrors of war by the insidious and subtle propaganda of any industrial or financial interests. . . ." He called for "calm and Christian thinking," declaring that "the vast majority of Americans are definitely opposed to any alteration of our present foreign policy." There it is.

Conviction deepens, as the fracas abroad goes on, that if American churchmen have their way, they will keep this country clear of actual fighting, whatever happens. But there are a lot of preachers who go even further than Bishop Manning, who want us to get in *now.* Dr. Ray H. Abrams, author of the much-discussed *"Preachers Present Arms",* said in Atlantic City this week that British clergymen have been using American pulpits to spread propaganda for England, and accused two prominent American churchmen of fomenting an interventionist attitude. Men like Abrams do not usually say things like this unless they know.

P.M.: New York will find another daily paper on its newsstands beginning June 18th. It will be called "P.M.", will be published and edited by a former vice-president of *Time,* and it has a most interesting idea. A prospectus tells us:

"We are against people who push other people around, just for the fun of pushing, whether they flourish in this country or abroad. We are against fraud and deceit and greed and cruelty and we will seek to expose their practitioners. We are for people who are kindly and courageous and honest. We respect intelligence, sound accomplishment, open-mindedness, religious tolerance." And more, to the same effect. It will be worth watching. At the outset, it looks a little negative; who is to decide who is pushing whom around, and whether the pusher or the pushee is right? When you talk of "exposure" you talk a dangerous language. Nevertheless, we hail "P.M.", and wish it well, provided it doesn't begin pushing us around. Perhaps, after all, it may do a little constructive leading as well as destructive pushing.

This isn't strictly church news, except that is is an adventure in better human relations—which is church business.

THE BEAUTIFUL ARMENIAN CHURCH AT ANTILYAS, SYRIA, FINANCED AND BUILT CHIEFLY BY ARMENIANS, NOW GROWN AND SELF-SUPPORTING, WHO TWELVE YEARS AGO WERE ORPHAN REFUGEES CARED FOR BY THE NEAR EAST RELIEF, NOW THE NEAR EAST FOUNDATION

LUTHERANS: We've heard a lot about the money we're going to put into national defense, from now on; heard so much that a lot of us may be in danger of forgetting that we will be called upon to put more and more *and* more into bolstering the work of the Church around the world, at the same time. Dr. Ralph H. Long of the National Lutheran Council told his church frankly this month that they would have to find half a million dollars in 1941 to support foreign missions which heretofore had been financed by countries now at war. (Of forty-five involved missions, thirty-five are in need of American support.) A campaign to raise that half million will start in October.

We must all expect this. However the war is won or lost, every denomination in America will be called upon to supply funds that the warring nations, bled white, cannot supply. We should be glad to do it: missions are a far more effective defense than guns.

The inimitable Dr. Paul Scherer, pastor of Holy Trinity Church, New York, is on the air again with that church's Sunday Vespers, (4 to 4:30 P.M., WJZ, blue network), one of the finest religious programs on the air and led by one of America's greatest preachers. We heartily commend it. There are no sleepers in Scherer's pews.

FIGURES: The Official Catholic Directory of 1940 is out, and in it we run across two statements of unusual import. One is that the Roman Catholic population of the United States (including Alaska and Hawaii,) is now 21,403,136. The figure reveals a net *loss* of 3,371 since 1939.

This loss is attributed by the publishers of the Directory to an action of the Diocese of Brooklyn, which *reported only on church-going Catholics and excluded inactive members.* It's a bit unusual, but as Roger Babson has been suggesting for some years, it may be time for us to begin reporting our memberships that way. Can you imagine the chaos that would result if every minister in America reported only his active members?

But the Catholics are not disheartened, for a total of 73,677 converts is reported, and an increase of over six thousand priests.

MERGING? For the last eight years a joint commission has been studying a proposed merger of the Evangelical and the United Brethren Churches. While no actual merger has resulted, there has been enough progress for the leaders to keep at it; they are now so optimistic that they have invited a third group to make it a three-way merger, if and when . . . . The Evangelical Congregational Church has been invited in.

While we're on the subject of mergers, the United Presbyterian eighty-second

General Assembly has just empowered a committee on church relations "to confer with the representatives of any church desiring to negotiate for a union with the United Presbyterian Church." This was said to be in response to gestures made by the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. for union with the U. P. group on the basis of a 1934 plan of union.

May they both succeed!

HYSTERIA: Your editor is so weary of reporting war news and church news that has to do with the war that he almost wishes he was anything but an editor. He has just thrown the release of a leading U.S. news agency into the basket because it contained nothing but battle-chatter. One more item, and we're done with it, for the month; we wouldn't report that but for it's prime importance.

That the churches in America may soon be the only institutions left to plead with America to hold steady and keep its head is more and more evident as time marches on. The *Christian Century* censures the press for "using every journalistic device at its command to terrorize the public into believing that the United States lies at the mercy of any invader—exactly as during the preparedness campaign which preceded America's entrance into the First World War. . . . Now if ever is the time for cool heads."

The recent Northern Baptist Convention warned its people to "be on guard against the spirit of hysteria and propaganda now sweeping across the country." The Catholic Press Association is against all attempts to embroil the U. S. in the present war, and the Mothers For Peace, an organization formed last year, says, "We, as mothers of young Americans of military age, wish, before it is too late, to voice our unwavering opposition to any movement to send our men overseas to fight Europe's wars." The Mothers fear "the attitude of some of our national leaders encourages an emotional state of public opinion liable to. . . ." do just that.

We need that warning against hysteria. If we can concentrate our energies on the rebuilding of the world after the fighting is done instead of wasting it worrying about things that probably will never happen, we'll be doing something.

UNITARIANS: In Boston, American Unitarians did an unusual thing this month: they elected a woman Moderator, unanimously. She is Western, a noted linguist, a widow, and since 1916 President of Mills College, Oakland, California. She is Mrs. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, and the only woman in the country officially representing a large church organization.

Speaking, she said by way of introduction: "Everything has come naturally to me. I've faced no great crisis or conversion religiously; to me religion is a part of living."

Dwindling in numbers (82,000 in 1916, to 60,000 in 1934) the small Unitarian communion has a deep influence in American life; among its leaders have been Emerson, Longfellow, Webster, Holmes, Eliot, John and John Quincy Adams, William Howard Taft.

HERE AND THERE: The American Tract Society has distributed a total of 3,383,151 pieces of Christian literature during the last year. . . . U. S. Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional a Connecticut law under which three of Jehovah's Witnesses were convicted of soliciting funds for religious purposes without a permit. This is an important precedent. . . . . Station KGEI, San Francisco, is receiving messages from friends and relatives of foreign missionaries and transmitting them free of charge every Saturday morning. Address them to E. T. Buck Harris, manager, Station KGEI, 235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal. . . . World's Sunday School Association plans to hold its 1941 convention in Mexico City, war or no war. . . . Our own Grace Noll Crowell received the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from Baylor University, Waco, Texas, on June 3. She wrote that she was "quite excited" about it. Her son came all the way from Harvard to witness the event.

PREACHERS' PELLETS

The most critical long term issues with which Adolf Hitler has confronted Western civilization are not political and economic. They are moral and religious. —Stanley High.

I feel we need to streamline some of our services. They drag. They are too long. Services with over-elaborate music, unfamiliar hymns, long prayers and vain repetitions are not refreshing but exhausting to priest and people.—Bishop Benjamin D. Dagwell.

It is certain that in the growing chorus of new converts to the importance of religion there is a significant absence of any expression of repentance.—Dr. Paul Calvin Payne.

I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women; but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible. —William Lyons Phelps.

The strength of a church or any organization lies with the fidelity and loyalty of those who play the so-called minor roles.—Dr. John Curry Walker.

. . . There has been almost complete neglect in all types of publicly controlled schools and colleges of the place of religion in education.—Dr. George F. Zook.

TEMPERANCE

NERVES: Have you heard it said that whiskey gives a man nerve? The real truth about that, according to the Maryland State Board of Mental Hygiene, is that whiskey and other forms of alcohol are burning up man's nerve and men's nerves at a furious rate. In these days of Repeal, human nerves are breaking at a rate almost three times that of Prohibition's first five years, and women are racing men not only to the cocktail bar but to the mental hospital for treatment after too many cocktails.

There are statistics to prove that. The percentage of alcoholics among all first admissions to the public and private hospitals of Maryland are summarized in the following five-year groups, as follows:

1909-1913— 9.4%
1914-1918— 8.2
1919-1923— 5.1
1924-1928— 8.6
1929-1933—10.2
1934-1938—14.0

WITNESSES: There's a book on alcohol you should read. It is published by The Alcoholic Foundation of New York (P. O. Box 658, Church Street Annex, New York). It's title: "Alcoholics Anonymous." The unnamed alcoholics write their own stories, and those stories are dynamite.

Two-thirds of them, they claim, have laid the foundation for permanent recovery. "More than half of us have had no relapse at all (after treatment), despite the fact that we had often been pronounced incurable." How were they cured? The method is simple: first of all they admitted they were powerless to overcome alcohol by themselves; second, they came to believe that "a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity;" third, they made a decision to "turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him."

There is more to the cure, but that's the heart of it. There may be some confirmed drinkers who will sneer at the method and the procedure, but they can't laugh off the fact that it has worked where every other method and procedure has failed.

BOYS, BOOZE: Judge Braude, of Chicago's Boys' Court, writing in *Atlantic Monthly*, has this for us: "Alcoholic liquor . . . is responsible for twenty to thirty per cent of all cases coming into the Boys' Court. There are of course laws against selling to minors . . . . But tavern keepers never have time to ask for birth certificates!" Nuff sed!

Gettysburg

DECORATION BY JOHN HAMMER

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

As Time goes, it was only yesterday
These rolling hills, now green, were running blood,
While hallowed legions of the Blue and Gray
Were battling here, unmindful of the flood
Of summer loveliness that drenched the earth
With sunlight prisoned in the ripened wheat,
With fruited orchards and the lyric mirth
Of robins lifting through the tramp of feet;
Here drumbeats sounded and shrill trumpets blared
Above the muskets' rattle and the roar
Of cannon, as our bravest boldly bared
Their bosoms to the savage thrusts of war,
And, blinded by the pangs of petty hate,
Forgot they were all brothers in one state.

Today Peace walks amid these woods and fields
With those who fought here, as they faced the dusk,
Their glory blazoned on their battered shields,
In gardens sweet with lavender and musk,
While, answering the muffled roll of drums
And faint, far bugles, summoning them back,
Across the years a martial wraith host comes
Once more to keep the ancient bivouac;
There are no quick and dead, no Blue and Gray;
There are no north and south, no east and west;
In spite of aliens who would array
Us one against the other, we are blessed—
A nation, born and bred in liberty,
United, reveling in being free.

JULY

The dreams fulfilled for which our fathers died;
Still following the gleam and singing spheres,
We see Tomorrow rising glorified
From out the splendor of the future years,
As swords are beaten into pruning hooks
And cannon fashioned into shining plows
For folks, whose simple lives are open books
Recording deeds consistent with their vows,
Until, preferring gold to futile dross,
Nor Blue nor Gray are lost amid the night,
And Christ forever leaves His cruel cross,
When love is law and only right is might,
While faith in what is beautiful and good
Binds all the mortal world in brotherhood.

1863

July 1940

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1878

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

The pictures above show the substantial and intelligent types of refugees of good character now trying to establish themselves in this new land

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

By Richard Maxwell

REFUGEES! At the very word, conflicting emotions clamor for recognition. Part of the terror, the resentment, part of the anguish in the heart of each refugee, race through our blood at the thought. We recoil. But soon these feelings are softened with pity over the plight of these unfortunate humans, blended with admiration for their courage, and finally from our own hearts streams a genuine desire to help them.

Today there are hundreds of thousands of refugees adrift on the sea of life; some frantic with despair, others with a stoical shrug of the shoulders courageously turning their eyes to the future. "Where can we go?" they say. "What shall we do?" As from afar each of us hears the questions—and counters with questions of his own. "Am I my brother's keeper?" we parry. "Haven't we enough to take care of here without bringing in more?" Underneath it all, humanity itself cries, "Shame!" And in your heart you know that but for the will of God, among the refugees might be you yourself, your father or mother, your children—or all of you together.

Where are the millions of refugees going? I do not know the answer to that question. I only know that they are *not* coming to the United States. Our strict immigration laws permit a scant yearly quota of less than 37,000 to enter from the oppressed areas of Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and Austria. As to whether this policy is right in the sight of God and man, I am not going to venture an opinion, but since those refugees permitted under the quota are coming—since many of them are already here—what about them?

Do you have any curiosity about them, any feeling one way or the other? Undoubtedly you have or you would not have read this far.

I, too, was curious—and humanly anxious. I investigated from many angles. Today the word "refugee" has taken on a new meaning. The conflicting emotions aroused by the word have disappeared—again the light of truth has taken the place of the dark fear born of uncertainty. To me the word "refugee" now means "a friend in need."

Two striking facts cleared much of the atmosphere at once. The first I have already mentioned. Our immigration quota is still the same, and during 1940 only 36,768 will be permitted to enter the United States from the so-called refugee countries—Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Austria. Moreover, during the past five years the United States has had as many emigrants as immigrants. Actually more have left this country than have entered it. Thus the unemployment problem is *not* increased.

The second startling fact is that contrary to general belief, more than fifty per cent of the would-be refugees are Christian.

These two facts put an entirely different light on the whole problem, don't they? Now let's go on.

When the present situation was first created, a Jewish relief organization immediately sprang into action to take care of, as nearly as possible, the refugees of the Hebrew faith. Then the Catholics and Protestants banded together to do what they could for the Christians, forming the American Committee for Christian Refugees. Almost at once it became evident that it was primarily a Christian problem—not a Jewish one. Consequently the Catholics organized a separate committee for themselves and the faithful of their belief.

However, while we have been smugly rubbing our "Christian" eyes, the Jewish Refugee Committee has turned over $250,000 for the relief of Christian refugees! This in spite of their own overwhelming "racial" problems in Poland, Germany and Austria. Nevertheless, as our eyes open to the need (a better word would be "opportunity"), friendly hands are slowly extending themselves to aid those who have frantically had to shoulder the burden up to this point.

What has been done, and what is being planned for those uprooted peoples is as heart-warming and Christian as it is vital. As others learn of it, they too become enthusiastic and are eagerly glad to help, to plant the seeds of welcome and friendship in the fertile soil of torn souls. Let's see what refugees are like, as a whole.

First of all, they differ in many ways from previous immigrants. Formerly most immigrants were those who had saved up just enough money for passage to America and arrived here with most of their belongings tied up in a shawl. Good peasant stock for the most part, frequently those who came after deliberation — perhaps dissatisfaction — seeking newer and better opportunities.

Today's quota of immigrants — the refugees—is composed of people, who, until recently, were satisfied and successful. They did not want to leave. They had made good in their homeland, had family pride, background and traditions. Perhaps they spoke too freely because they believed in liberty and freedom of speech, honesty and righteousness; perhaps they did not agree with a ruthless policy of governmental thievery; and because they objected, they, too, fell under the sudden axe of oppression. They were forced to flee for their very lives, or because they refused to compromise their principles. These qualities are the very qualities which sent our Pilgrim forefathers to America to build so strongly on the rock of justice that today we point with honest pride to the Constitution of their construction.

All in all, today's refugees—or rather newcomers — are not "carpet-baggers"; they are men and women of principle, courage and honor. We need them—as they need us.

Now, of course, there are all kinds of refugees—including "fifth column" Nazis —yet this much is apparent. In Germany, for example, the poorest and least desirable type of individual has everything to gain and nothing to lose. *He* is not a refugee. He sees his children regimented into movements where systematic exercise and food are making them strong and healthy. It is a new condition for them—and him. He thinks it is great—and for the present it may be. He never had much, anyhow, and even rationing makes no drastic change in his way of living. The more intelligent man, however, looked ahead and asked, what is this leading to? Am I and my children to be used as tools for governmental racketeers? His answer was —*No!* Consequently the backbone of today's immigrants—refugees—are the salt of the earth. The poorer workers have been absorbed into the Nazis, the thinkers have had to flee. Not all of them are Horace Manns and Albert Einsteins—but there are so many stalwart minds and characters among them that we cannot fail to be impressed by their caliber.

Persons who "have" are always reluctant to change the status quo. Again, we hold a natural antagonism toward anyone "intruding" on us, if for no other reason than because we got here first. To this is added a feeling that charity begins at home. All of these views could be called microscopic. Today is only a part of the question. A telescopic view far into the future is more revealing and necessary.

Many leading thinkers attribute our present uncomfortable economic situation to the stopping of immigration. We have shut out this steadily increasing consumers' market. The fact that the newcomers, too, must work to live does not alter that situation.

Above, refugee children at Friendship house. Note the Christmas tree. At right, window shop in Boston, displaying products of clever fingers. On facing page, family of Christian refugees at office of the American Committee, and below that entertaining some of the newcomers in the Boston coffee room

Do you think it would help our country if all the people whose names begin with "A" were forced to leave America? Do you believe that would create more jobs for the remainder? Hardly. Increasing consumption is the answer. Let's peer into our own country—at the falling birth rate, for instance. This is no problem of the distant future. Few years ago our schools were overflowing. Today there are a million empty seats in our own school rooms, all in the lower grades. But I am not arguing for immigration. I merely point out these facts to show you we do not need to fear our newcomers, economically. We *need* them economically.

Very few of these newcomers are without valuable resources of some kind. Many had money outside their native

ands and have started businesses here —already employing Americans. Not all are seeking jobs. However, this, too, is a microscopic viewpoint. Let's turn again to the telescope and look farther.

There are much greater resources than gold—skill and character, for example. Some of these refugees bring with them priceless knowledge and experience in the arts and crafts.

First-time visitors to America are often dumbfounded to see how advanced and clever we are here. They simply can't believe it possible that our roads are so good, our industries so progressive. America is a "foreign land" to them. In a like manner, we are astounded when we find some "foreigner" is more clever than we are. I have often thought of a story I once heard of an American Watch Company where they were extremely proud of their craftsmanship. One day they succeeded in spinning a wonderfully fine strand of silvery wire, so fine it was scarcely visible. Proud of their success, they took a short portion, mounted it between two small velvet blocks, and carefully packed it. Then they sent it to a friendly competitive firm of watch manufacturers in Switzerland. With it they proudly sent a note: "This is the way we do things here in America." In due time a much more carefully wrapped parcel returned from Switzerland. Opening it, they found a magnifying glass mounted over the spider-thread wire they had originally sent abroad. And as they looked through the glass at the fine wire of which they had been so proud, they saw the Swiss had drilled a tiny hole through the center of it! Yes, we can learn much from the newcomers. Their experience, their new ideas and new thoughts are invaluable to America. We *need* them. However, this is looking ahead. How about today?

Here and there definite plans are being made as new friends and organizations rise to the occasion. One of these is as original as it is constructive, and I want to share with you the feelings of pride and joy which came to me on my first trip there. I am speaking of "Friendship House" here in New York City, one of the projects sponsored by the Greater New York Federation of Churches.

Friendship House is the result of vision of Mrs. Eve Sanderson Child, widow of the late Richard Washburn Child, one time United States Ambassador to Italy. In addition to being in Italy during the early days of Fascism, Mrs. Child was with the American Red Cross during the last war, doing Red Cross duty in the Rheims district. After the war she was stationed in a hospital where there were three hundred blinded soldiers. Her work was to rehabilitate them and help them in getting adjusted to a new life. So you see, Mrs. Child is no newcomer to the field of helpfulness.

Mrs. Child reasoned that if everyday Americans could but meet and know some of these newcomers, they would find that they are real humans after all; if there were just some central place where they could mingle together—some one place. Now she has it. It is Friendship House.

Friendship House—at 85th Street and Park Avenue, New York City, is the former parsonage, parish house and buildings of the Brick Presbyterian Church—which has recently moved into its beautiful new location. On April 18th of this year the trustees granted permission to Mrs. Child (through the Greater New York Federation of Churches) to use this property for Friendship House. However, it was empty and bare save for a half a dozen kitchen chairs. So Mrs. Child brought in a couple of desks. She went to her friends and to the various stores. Rugs, chairs, tables, and books were loaned and donated. Today, although far from being completely furnished and equipped, Friendship House has taken on the appearance of a club. In a beautiful location among New York's swanky Park Avenue apartments, it is a haven where religious and political differences are forgotten and the rough edges of new customs and surroundings can be smoothed by friendly contacts. And as Mrs. Child proudly pointed out —the Christian buildings have been furnished almost entirely by generous donations from Jewish stores.

Part of Friendship House is to be used for classrooms where established Americans as well as newcomers can mingle to hear lectures on Geography, American History and similar subjects.

Once a week social teas will be given, sponsored by various groups. Outings and picnics will be arranged; equipment for games such as chess, checkers, will be available; lectures, evenings of religious fellowship.

A House Committee, half Americans, half refugees, is in charge. A quiet library, cloisters, a lovely church, and sympathetic people, are making Friendship House a haven in harmony with our American tradition.

Where Rolls the Oregon

The story of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, their work among the Northwestern Indians, and the part they played in winning the Oregon country for the United States

By HONORÉ MORROW

IT WAS late in May, 1836. Winter at last had released its hold on Rupert's Land and the Peace River country was open to travel. A wide land of indescribable grandeur and indescribable loneliness was this early Canada, with only the far-flung posts of the Hudson's Bay Company to give evidence that white men had explored it.

So vast had grown the Company's business, so difficult was it made by the isolation of the posts, so complicated had become the task of handling the men who manned the posts and the Indians who traded with them, so important in the governmental plans of Great Britain had the administration of Rupert's Land grown to be, that only a man of mark could be appointed by the company as its Governor.

Such a man was Governor Simpson, who, on this last day of May, 1836, was mid-flight on his annual inspection trip of posts. He had been at Fort Dunvegan, on Peace River, for two days, inspecting books and holding court. Having finished late at night, he strode out of the stockade at dawn in a fury of impatience. He was about five feet seven in height, powerfully built, with the gray eyes and sandy complexion of a Scotchman. He was smooth shaven and his chin above the black stock and ruffled shirt, was aggressive and stubborn. He wore a high gray beaver hat, a blue broadcloth cape and polished riding boots. He turned to one of the men who had followed him.

"What's that?" pointing down the river.

At his sudden gesture to the North, whites and Indians alike turned to stare out over the dancing blue waters of the wide stream. A canoe was approaching, with the flag of England at her stern. The crowd began to wave caps and cheer. This was the Montreal express, the yearly event of paramount interest in Rupert's Land. The voyageurs leaped out and one of them, a tall, grizzled man in fringed and beaded deerskin, strode up to Governor Simpson, and tendered a thin packet, wrapped in oilskin.

"Deespatch, sir," he said.

Simpson undid the packet and began to read.

"'Tis from our minister to the United States, John," he said to his secretary in a troubled voice. "There is a new menace. That American missionary, Jason Lee, whom Dr. McLoughlin, in 1834, permitted to settle in Oregon, against my advice, is established on the Willamette River, south of Fort Vancouver. Lee has written to the Congress a report so full of praise of Oregon territory, that the Congress has sent around to the Pacific a naval brig, bearing an American named Slacum, who is to investigate Jason Lee's report. The minister believes that Slacum is now with Lee."

Young John Leslie's eyes snapped. "Slacum must be sent back!" he exclaimed.

"But how?" cried the Governor. "At top speed I cannot reach Fort Vancouver before August. Heaven only knows what McLoughlin will do for the man. He is loyal to the Company, of course, but oversure of his own power and that of the Hudson's Bay Company. And if Messrs. Lee and Slacum were not menace enough, this letter tells me that four more missionaries are on their way to Oregon, overland this time. They left New York State in March. They shall not settle in Oregon! After the missionary comes the plow, as I've warned McLoughlin repeatedly. Let them settle elsewhere—there are millions of acres to the south, in their Louisiana purchase. Oregon shall belong to England, and to the Hudson's Bay Company, as I'm a man." He took a turn or two up and down the sandy shore, then squaring his great chest, he exclaimed, "By heaven, I shall turn them back myself."

Simpson was no fool. He knew that the movement westward, to the Pacific coast, of American settlers, was inevitable. But he believed that the tide could be held back until the ignorant and indifferent American government had sold or traded its share in the marvelous Oregon territory to Great Britain. He

"White women! White!" There was a sudden rush for the newcomers' camp, and battered hats and caps were pulled from heads to which the gesture had become a forgotten thing

Illustrator CHARLES ZINGARO

made hurried preparations for departure. . . .

About the fifteenth of July, in that same year, there was a great stir in a large camp on the banks of Green River, in what is now eastern Wyoming. It was a curious camp, utterly lacking in the orderliness that prevailed about the Hudson's Bay posts. This camp was the "Rendezvous" of the American Fur Trading Company. The crude log hut which served the Company as a store, was surrounded by tents of perhaps a hundred and fifty traders, French and American. Scattered at intervals along the banks of the river were the camps of different Indians—Nez Percés, Flatheads, Snakes, each with a carefully maintained guard against the other tribes, and against the predatory Americans, the "Bostons" as they were called, to differentiate them from the English and Scotch.

There was plenty of whiskey in the Rendezvous. Most of the traders and trappers had Indian wives. There was much wild sport—gun play and horse-racing, and a great deal of bickering and fighting. In every direction about the wide valley, wherein the Fur Company grazed its tired horses, stretched the vivid orange and red of canyon and butte, and the threatening peaks of the Rockies.

It was into this camp that there rode, on that July afternoon, with a convoy of fur traders, the four missionaries, with their secular agent. They began to make their camp at some distance from the trading store. The three men of the party were given only a casual scrutiny by the men and squaws, lounging about their tents. But when out of the covered wagon which had been jerked into camp by a pair of tired mules, there emerged the two missionary wives, a sudden shout swept up the river bank.

"White women, by—! White women!"

There was a sudden rush for the newcomers' camp. Battered hats and fur caps were pulled from heads to which the gesture had become a forgotten thing, and a man cried, "Welcome, ladies! You're the first white women in this part of the world!"

"The first white woman I've seen in twenty-seven years," cried another voice. "Will you shake hands with me?"

The two women standing beside the wagon were an interesting contrast. The taller one was Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, daughter of Judge Stephen Prentiss, of Angelica, New York. She was about twenty-eight years of age, tall and of noble proportions and bearing. She was fair, with long braids of yellow hair wrapped around her head. Her eyes were a light blue and her features very regular, almost Greek in their chiseled purity of outline. She was wearing a dark blue riding habit, and the skirt, flowing in the gracious lines of the fashion of that day, added a majesty to her figure that almost dwarfed the woman standing beside her.

This woman was Eliza Spalding, daughter of a farmer in Herkimer County, New York. She was a frail, dark person, with blunt, heavy features, of so plain a cast that even the deep kindliness expressed in eye and lip could not lessen the impression of homeliness she made. She, too, wore a riding habit, badly made, of gray wool, and a sunbonnet pushed back from her dark hair.

As the two women stood smiling, Dr. Marcus Whitman, laughing heartily,

came to their rescue and introduced them with a broad gesture of his sunburned hand. Whitman was a physician, a native of Rushville, New York, about thirty-five years of age, tall and compactly built. He wore a ragged deerskin coat and trousers, and frayed leather riding boots. He was smooth shaven, his hair a light brown, his eyes blue and extraordinarily clear. His face was of the New England type, with rather high cheek bones, long clean jaw line, and broad forehead. His lips were thin but mobile, with sensitive corners, and his nose was straight and well cut.

"This is my wife, gentlemen," he cried, "and this is Mrs. Spalding, wife of my fellow-worker, Rev. Henry Spalding. There he is, with Willam Gray, our secular agent. Come here, Henry!"

Spalding came forward slowly. He was about the Doctor's age, clad in somber black—a thin, stoop-shouldered man,

with a bald head and a skin prematurely wrinkled. He bowed solemnly, while Willam Gray, the jovial, blue-eyed young man beside him, said, with a grin that showed every white tooth.

"Sorry I haven't a wife also, to present to you, gentlemen!"

The introductions began a long evening's ordeal for the two women. The rough trappers were hungry for a word with these two human beings who had brought back to them all of gentleness and sweetness they had ever known. The Indians, braves and squaws alike, were devoured by curiosity; and the missionaries had, finally, to set a laughing guard about the camp fire, before which Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding sat. The Indians then turned from their contemplation of the white women to a minute examination of the wagon. They had never seen one before, and this "horse canoe" as they called it, was as remarkable to them as Mrs. Whitman's white skin and golden hair.

The errand which had brought the two women to the Rockies was discussed vociferously about the camp fire. The consensus of opinion was that they could not get beyond Fort Hall, on the Snake River, in what is now Idaho.

"The Honorable Hudson's Bay Company ain't encouraging any Americans to trade on the Columbia," declared an old trapper who lacked an eye. "And as for letting white women through—why, white women means homes and farms! You'll never pass Fort Hall."

"Oh yes, we shall!" Marcus Whitman, standing beside the fire, spoke grimly. "The ladies and the wagon are going to the Columbia."

A great guffaw arose. Then the one-eyed trapper spoke again. "We're for your getting the ladies across the mountains, but, man, you just can't get the wagon across! There ain't any trails and the route you've come is baby play compared with what's before you."

Whitman looked at his watch and yawned. "Bed time, friends! Seems that I'll need all my strength in the next month! You see, I've been argued with about that wagon ever since we left Fort Laramie—mostly about the horrors of what I'll find beyond Fort Hall. Now I want to tell you men that at times I've almost carried that wagon on my back; and if it's necessary after we pass Fort Hall, I'll carry the mules and wagon, too!"

Cheers mingled with the laughter that greeted this sally, and the men stared from the Doctor to the wagon on which the firelight rose and fell. Its canvas top was green with mildew and yellow with dust and forlorn with rents and patches.

"I'm not boasting about it as a thing of beauty, "continued Whitman, "but it's going to prove to the world that *right now* wagons, with women folks and household furniture, can go through to the Columbia."

The following day was spent in resting the saddle and pack horses, the mules, and the eight or ten cows that belonged to the mission outfit. The missionaries had planned to go on alone into the Rockies, for the American Fur convoy would go no farther west. There was considerable danger in this, for although no Indians were on the warpath, there was not the friendly relationship between the "Bostons" and the Indians that there was between the Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company. A small party of Americans, containing women, would be a great temptation to marauding braves. And for murder or robbery of "Bostons," there was no avenging Dr. McLoughlin to strike back.

The Whitman party was unabashed by the recital of all these facts, but Dr. Whitman, with William Gray, anxiously examined the meager supply of firearms carried in the Conestoga wagon. While they were busy at this, two men rode into the camp, who introduced themselves as Thomas McKay and John McLeod, factors of the Hudson's Bay Company, on business with the American Fur Traders. They courteously invited the missionaries to join their small convoy, leaving on the morrow for Fort Hall. A little puzzled by the invitation from such a source, Whitman nevertheless accepted. Notwithstanding the marked coldness that was evident between the two visitors and the American traders, the missionaries were not inclined to trouble about that hostility much.

The march began early the next morning, and pushed steadily forward into the fastnesses of the Rockies. Had it not been for the exhausting demands of the wagon, which increased day by day, as they slowly neared Fort Hall, Marcus would have enjoyed this leisurely journey as much as Narcissa. Slowly they crossed what is now Wyoming, through the South Pass, down into unspeakable canyons, over mountains which scratched the heavens, until, the last of July, they emerged from the fastnesses of a barren range, in what is now Eastern Idaho, and saw before them the valley of the Port Neuf and Snake rivers. The gleaming walls of Fort Hall lay across the valley to the northwest.

The main body of the pack train forded the Port Neuf with only the usual commotion. But Dr. Whitman was left to struggle alone with his emaciated mules and the only wagon in the convoy. The mules endeavored to lie down in harness. Whitman shouted at them, then examined the rough trail left by the pack train, down the steep drop of two hundred feet to the river bed, then inspected the wagon thoroughly. It looked sturdy enough for travel. Marcus drew a heavy pole from beneath the canvas and ran it through the two rear wheels then mounted to the springless front seat, and shouted to the mules.

"Hi, Jennie! Up, Jewell!" The black whip cracked over their bony necks. The mules kicked viciously at the whiffletrees, and lunged violently over the edge of the bank. They began a mad scramble across the river bed. The current was strong, and though it did not carry them off their feet, it deflected them downstream, and in spite of the Doctor's immense efforts, brought them across the river at a point where gravel gave way to mud. Here, in six inches of water, the wagon sank to the hubs, and the mules to their bellies.

The sun was now setting. The bank of the river, not over fifty feet high on this side, threw the floundering team into deep shadow. Suddenly there appeared the figure of a woman on horseback, who stared silently for a moment at Dr. Whitman, who had tossed blankets out from the wagon, and was crawling on them slowly toward a bed of dried rushes. It was Narcissa.

"Marcus! Shall I go back for help?"

Marcus shook his head. "You couldn't get any one, Narcissa. I've worn my welcome out with this wagon."

"Oh, leave the miserable thing, dear! It's killing you, *(Continued on page 45)*

NO VICTORY

There is no victory in war—no peace,
Though guns be silenced, and the bombers cease
Their climb of the high air, for soon or late
The fury of the quelled, their boiling hate
Will gush as black oil gushes through the sod
To spread its blackness like a blight. O God,
Reveal to men the uselessness of war,
Tell them old wounds cannot be healed—the scar
Will trouble the earth forever; show that greed
Can never meet a nation's vital need;
That lust of power will destroy the one
Who seeks to blot his shadow on the sun.
God, in the wild confusion of today
Teach us again the prayer that we should pray:
"Forgive as we forgive . . . Thy will be done . . ."
That only in peace can victories be won.

Grace Noll Crowell

Immortality

By CHARLES M. SHELDON

"FOR THIS CORRUPTIBLE MUST PUT ON INCORRUPTION, AND THIS MORTAL MUST PUT ON IMMORTALITY." FIRST CORINTHIANS 15TH CHAPTER 53RD VERSE

THE word "Immortality" is found only twice in the New Testament. But the thought of it has been in the minds and hearts of millions of human beings in all the ages and in all races of mankind.

"If a man die shall he live again? What proof have we of any other life after this physical existence? Why do we never hear from those who have died? What sort of existence will that be in a spiritual form, so different from the life we have lived in the body? We know that death is a universal fact. Is it possible for humanity to be as certain of immortality as of death?

What is Immortality? Is it the universal feeling on the part of humanity all through the ages that immortality is a part of life? Could mankind have a sense of life after death without any reason? Is a universal belief in life after death a proof of immortality?

No. The proof of immortality that will always remain with mankind is the person of Jesus Christ, who was crucified and rose from the dead. More than that, Jesus Himself talked about immortality as if it was as much a fact of human life as any fact known to the senses.

There are three things Jesus never argued about. The existence of God, the power and value of prayer and the fact of a future life. He took these tremendous facts for granted and never tried to prove them, any more than He would try to prove the fact of food on the table to a hungry person who was in front of it.

What did Jesus say about immortality? He said "In my Father's house are many abiding places." He used the Aramaic language in His daily speech, and the phrase "abiding places" means, as near as we can translate, "many homes." On the cross he said to the dying robber, "You and I will be in Paradise today." He said "I am with you always even to the end of the ages." He talked to His disciples about death as something not to be feared, but welcomed as the beginning of a life that was to go on forever. And that was the one thing that sustained the army of martyrs and it lay at the heart of the early church as it made its marvelous march into the pagan world.

The fact of the Resurrection is in many ways the best proved fact of human history. It was witnessed by a multitude of witnesses. These men and women were incapable of creating a falsehood about such a tremendous fact. And most of all it is impossible to think that a person like Jesus Christ could deceive the whole human race on a matter of such vital importance to the hope and comfort and vitality of humanity. If we cannot believe Jesus on such a subject as life after death, we cannot believe Him about anything He said. It is impossible to think of Jesus deliberately lying to mankind about immortality.

I used to worry a good deal about the fact that I never heard a word or received a message from my father or mother after they died. (Of course the Spiritualists declare that they receive messages from the dead but the "Society for Spiritual Facts" denies that any authentic messages have ever been received.) But one time some years ago I went abroad for the first time and I was so caught up with the new and interesting things I saw for the first time in England that I did not write any letters home for a few days and I was shocked one day to get a cable from the home folks wanting to know what was the reason for my silence!

Then I began to think that "Time" is no element in Eternity, and there are no clocks in Heaven and one reason I do not hear from those who are living over there is because they are so caught up with their new experiences that they do not measure time any more. My father and mother died many years ago, but I am very sure that when I meet them they will not be any more surprised or startled than they were when they were living on earth and had stepped into another room for a moment and I had appeared when they stepped back a moment later. Time is not counted in the other world.

I think the first thing that will happen to me when I have ended my earthly life will be the meeting with my father and mother and my big brother with whom I used to work on the farm in Dakota. I don't try to think how long it will take to enjoy these meetings. And the dear friends of many years who have been passing on, so many of them—I am not able to measure the perfect joy I shall experience when I meet them, and they will certainly be able to tell me what they have been doing over there.

Then I have been thinking of all the great and noble and wonderful humans of history that I have read about, the saints and martyrs and great ones of human history that I have always wanted to know. I have always wanted to know and talk with Paul and Peter and St. Augustine and Bunyan and Abraham Lincoln and the host of wonderful men and women who have been living over there.

It is not possible to think of existence in the spirit world without remembering the wondrous fact that there is no sickness or pain or trouble there. We shall be living in a condition free from pain and trouble and sickness and death, with those we have "loved and lost awhile."

Immortality? Is it a fact? Yes! The greatest fact of human history. The Resurrection the greatest miracle of the human race. If we believe it, let us live it, and so act that we shall be prepared when our turn comes to put on incorruption that we many welcome the change from corruption into a life of joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Black Walnut

By
ALBERT LINN LAWSON

☆

"THIS is an out-of-the-way country to spend the Fourth —but after all Flora is almost my last living relative, and it is up to me to help her out of her troubles. Do you mind sticking around here the next few days, Mandy—and you, Sid?"

The speaker was Mark Brent, keen-eyed, square-jawed, early-middle-aged lawyer from Nashville. "Mandy" was his friend, Henry Manderson, a prominent lumber man from the same city. The three were sitting on the cots in their camp on a ledge, about twenty feet above the creek—a wide, limestone ledge, a natural camping place known to travelers since pioneer days; for, above, the bluff jutted out so that the ledge was protected and always dry, making a tent unnecessary. Mark Brent had decided on this trip to the upper Cumberland country in response to a cryptic but urgent letter from his distant cousin, Flora Brent, begging him to come at once —something concerning a valuable tract of walnut timber which had been held by the Brents for many years. The two friends, Mark and "Mandy," had come by train from the city that morning, as far as Bethesda, the rail head; and had employed broad-shouldered, grinning young Sid Farrow to bring them in his launch the remaining twenty miles up the Cumberland River to the mouth of Walnut Creek, thence a half-mile up the creek to this camping place.

"You see, this walnut belonged to our old great-great-aunt, Vinie Brent, who died last month at the incredible age of ninety-five. Her only valuable possession was this tract of walnut trees. She left it in her will, half to Ellie Brent, my cousin Flora's young daughter, and half to me. She explains in her will that she gave it to me because I am the last Mark Brent, and also because I am a lawyer, and she thought I would know how to keep any of the Hatchers—more forty-second cousins—from getting hold of it. Walnut timber is pretty valuable, isn't it Mandy?"

"Walnut—black walnut? Why, man, it's all but priceless. Just that one log we saw floating down the river today—that log, if I had it in Nashville, I could sell by the carat."

"So I've heard. That's one reason why I insisted that you make this trip with me—you'll know how to value the trees. Now Mal Hatcher, the present representative of the Hatcher clan, lays claim to the trees, as old Vinie's next of kin; and Flora thinks he is the person who has secretly been cutting some of the trees and disposing of the logs. She's a nervous, flighty woman, and greatly worried for fear she will lose the walnut, which is all she has in the world, except the little house where she and Ellie have lived with Vinie."

"I don't blame her for being worried, if there's any chance of losing those trees." opined Mandy. "I've heard that there was a tract of standing walnut up here—every lumber man has heard it—but I never took much stock in the report, because it seemed incredible."

"It's true, all right."

"And it has stood here all these years without any of it being cut and sold?"

"That's the way it is. I understand lots of people have tried to buy it, but Vinie wouldn't sell. I'll have to go into family history to explain.

"You see, my great-great-uncle, the first Mark Brent, Vinie's husband, planted a large tract in walnut trees—quite a far-seeing business head he must have had. This was away back before the Civil War. Vinie said he gave them to her, and made her promise not to cut or sell any of it during her lifetime; said the timber would make her children, or grandchildren rich some day. But the poor old soul outlived them all—as I said, she was ninety-five when she died, last month. A good old woman, too, and thought a lot of me; I spent one summer up here with her, when I was a kid.

"Well, when the Civil War came, Mark the First left to join the Southern army, and never came back—probably killed, but no one ever knew. Vinie kept a lighted candle in her window at night, all the rest of her life, to guide Mark home, in case he should return. There's always been talk that he hid a lot of money here, too—but that's nonsense."

"And she lived here in poverty all those years, although she had a fortune in black walnut timber?" said Mandy, wonderingly.

"She'd promised her husband not to touch any of it—and you just don't know what a promise means to these old-time mountain people. And it's a good thing, in one way that she wouldn't, for these trees are right now in fine marketable condition."

"That's so," observed Mandy. "Takes a great many years for a walnut to reach its full growth."

"Well, it seems that Aunt Vinie wanted to be sure that Hatcher didn't get anything from her little estate. The Hatchers and Brents are related, but there's an old feud—they never had anything to do with each other. Even back in Civil War days the Hatchers were Union, the Brents Confederates, and they've pulled against each other ever since. Yet it's true enough, I suppose, that Mal Hatcher is Vinie's next of kin—her grand-nephew, one degree less removed than I am. And the Hatchers have always claimed that Mark the First never had legal title to this land; and now, I'm told, Mal

Hatcher lays claim to the walnut trees, and Flora believes it is he that has been cutting some of them—though why he is so secretive about it, and what he does with them, I don't know."

"There's no such walnut on the market in Nashville," said Mandy. "Scarce as black walnut is, I'd have heard about it if any had been sold there."

"Well, this is a poor place to spend the Fourth, but now that we're here I want to do what I can for Flora and Ellie. Now we'd better turn in."

It rained hard that night, but under the projecting bluff they slept, perfectly dry, until sunrise. Mark was straightening up his bed when voices broke in on them.

"Mr. Brent!" Sid was calling. "Come up here!" And as Mark climbed the bank, "Ellie says somebody has stole Aunt Vinie's will!"

"Stolen it? How could that be? It was locked up in that old brassbound trunk —I saw Flora put it there."

"He took the trunk and all," cried Ellie—a pretty girl, her cheeks pink and her blue eyes bright with excitement—Sid was evidently finding her easy to look at.

"He? Who?"

"That Hatcher—couldn't be anybody else. Mama and I went to the store last night after supper, and he must have slipped in then and taken it. It was locked, so he just took trunk and all. We didn't notice it was gone until I started to sweep this morning."

"But why should he take it?"

"He wants to destroy Vinie's will, so he can keep the trees—I'm sure that's why. He'll break the trunk open and burn the papers."

"That won't help him any—you and Flora can prove—but it's not like Mal. The Hatchers have always been tough, but never thieves—they're open and above-board in what they do. There's something almighty queer going on." Mark thought a moment. "Now don't worry—I'll tackle Hatcher, and find some way to block him—if it is him doing the dirty work around here."

They left Sid to stroll home with Ellie, and the two men set out to explore the walnut grove. Although it was the first of July, the season had been very late, and spring wild flowers—rhododendron, wild hydrangea, even an occasional redbud—splashed the bluffs with vivid pinks and blues and reds. The rain had swollen the creek considerably.

"Good thing for us that it has," observed Mark, "or we might not find water enough in it to use the launch. The dam has cut off most of the flow."

"Dam?"

"They've built a big lumber mill, I understand, up the creek a little beyond our camp. Going to work up the second growth hickory, which has grown to marketable size again, though the old trees are nearly all gone. The dam is to supply power for the mill, I suppose. There's a little store and post office, Flora tells me, up there near the mill. We'll go up there this afternoon."

They clambered up the steep, vine-tangled bank, and reached the comparatively level wood-covered slope.

"Great Caesar, look at the walnut!" cried Mandy. "I didn't know there was that much left standing in the world. Why, man, you've got a fortune here above ground that beats any storybook treasure. Even the stumps and roots are precious. And there's acres and acres of it."

It was a large tract, that took some time to explore. On the far side, up a ridge toward the river, a few fresh stumps showed where trees had been lately cut,

(Continued on page 48)

"Mr. Brent!" Sid's voice was calling. "Come up here!" And as Mark scrambled up the bank, "Ellie says somebody has stole Aunt Vinie's will"

Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

ABOVE, THE GIRLS' DORMITORY AT PEPPERDINE COLLEGE

THE MAN WITH MANY

A study in Christian stewardship is this story of George Pepperdine of Los Angeles, whose calling was not to the ministry but to money

By

CLARENCE W. HALL

WHEN George Pepperdine, Los Angeles philanthropist, was just a youngster on a Kansas farm his father drilled him in the grace of giving—and liking it. The Pepperdine farm was no baronial estate; but though poor, it was a citadel of generosity. Neighbors for miles around so recognized it.

"George," his father used to say, "selfishness is not only a sin against God, it's a crime against society. God can't bless a man who takes everything from life and gives nothing. Always remember that!"

And George Pepperdine did remember. His father's dictum on the subject of selfishness became a part of him, woven deeply into his character. He remembered it all through the lean years when he was trying to find his feet in the world. He remembered it when, as a bookkeeper in a Kansas City garage, he was struggling to support a family on fifteen dollars a week. But what is infinitely more important, *he remembered it after he became a millionaire!*

That's why the story of this man is more than the typically American tale of a poor boy's rise to riches. It is all that, and in the best Horatio Alger tradition. But it's more. It's an inspiring saga of that warmly human impulse we rather stiffly call "Christian stewardship."

Out in Los Angeles you can talk to almost anyone, and he will tell you about George Pepperdine and his benevolences. If you are of an inquiring nature, you can take a run out to the new and handsome George Pepperdine College where religion is made the fourth "R" of higher education. Or you can drop in at the Helen Louise Home, where girls of high school age who have been victims of home disruption are taught the arts of Christian homemaking. Or you can drive out to the Pacific Lodge Boys' Home in San Fernando Valley where George Pepperdine's money is helping delinquent boys to find happy landings in a social order.

Then, if you're still in doubt as to whether this Christian steward is fully employing the talents with which he has been entrusted, you can call in at the office of the George Pepperdine Foundation and have a look through its records. You'll find them replete with heart-touching stories of many struggling young people who have made good, and made good simply because they met a man who whipped life the hard way, made life give him plenty and yet never forgot his father's dictum that God blesses those who not only take but give.

The story of George Pepperdine may properly be divided into two parts. Part one has to do with *"How he got his money."* Part two tells *"How he gets rid of it."*

The first part of the story, out-Algers the ingenious and prolific Horatio himself.

It was in the spring of 1909 that he got his Big Idea. At that time he was twenty-two, married, and trying to keep the wolf from his door by industriously whacking him on the snout with nothing more formidable than a fifteen-dollar-a-week pay envelope. Being a bookkeeper for a Kansas City garage company, however, had its advantages; it gave George Pepperdine a chance to observe at close hand the leaping growth of the infant automobile industry.

And, one day, it came to him like a flashing vision that what the horseless-carriage owners needed was somebody to supply them with accessories—and at a moderate cost. At that time cars were delivered from the factory without tops or windshields; many had no headlights, horns or other gadgets for safe and comfortable motoring. If a buyer of a car wanted these, he had to pay extra for them. And usually the extras cost plenty. Bumpers and spare tires were unknown. There were no drive-in service stations. Wresting tires off and on obstinate rims, monkeying with unreliable tube repair kits and blowout patches, greasing his own car and doing his own repairing in order to save the exorbitant cost of replacing parts—all these were part of the "joys" of early motoring.

At the top, Mr. Pepperdine talking to President Tiner of the college, and a group of students. Center, left, George Pepperdine at twenty-one, and, right, the old farm home where Pepperdine grew up. Or turn to page ... main building of Pepperdine College

VE, DINING HALL AND HELEN LOUISE GIRLS' HOME

TALENTS

EAL TIME AT THE HOME FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

F MANY BOYS' GROUPS SPONSORED BY MR. PEPPERDINE

IN HOME ECONOMICS AT THE COLLEGE (Keystone Photo)

Pepperdine saw in this situation a way to create a career for himself as well as a life more abundant for the motorist. His total capital at this period was five dollars; this he had saved, penny by penny, from his meager salary. He overcame the difficulty of no funds and no store by deciding to solicit business by mail, purchasing the supplies from factories and wholesale houses as the orders came in, accompanied with cash.

And he worked up a list of prospective customers with equal ingenuity. There being no registration of licenses, no motor clubs, he sent out letters to bankers in nearby Kansas towns: "Will you please write on the back of this sheet the name of auto owners in your town; stamped envelope is enclosed." The average small town boasting not more than a dozen cars at that time, the bankers for the most part were glad to respond. Printed on credit were circulars advertising auto supplies which he claimed every well-equipped and self-respecting motorist should have. Pepperdine put his total capital into postage stamps, and five hundred of the circulars went forth on their mission of making motoring a happier and flashier pastime.

The returns were immediate. He had anticipated a healthy rivalry among the few tycoons in each town who could afford cars to be the first to sport any new gadget. The net profit on the first month's orders was about one hundred dollars.

Pepperdine now knew his ambitious hunch was right. He quit his bookkeeping job, rented space in a downtown garage, invested in a small rolltop desk and a showcase, filled the latter with some merchandise he had obtained on credit, and painted a sign. The sign read: "Western Auto Supply." This was the embryo for the tremendous business which later would expand into two organizations, national in scope and operating some 400 retail stores featuring auto accessories.

During the first year, the one-man business grossed $12,000; the second, $22,000; the third, $45,000; the fourth, $68,000; and the fifth, $105,000. By this time Pepperdine and personal poverty had parted company for good. But under the strain of these five years of almost single-handed work, his health broke in 1914. He went West to recuperate. In 1915 he opened his first branch store in Denver to take care of the mail order business of that region.

He sold the controlling interest in the Kansas City store, and moved to California. In Los Angeles he started another branch on a shoestring, mailing out a new and enlarged version of the 64-page Kansas City catalog. By the second year the new store was doing a $100,000-a-year business. Forthwith he began opening branches all over the West, until more than 200 stores were established in the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain region. Meanwhile, the original company in Kansas City, in which he still retained an interest, had expanded to an equal number of branch stores. On the West Coast alone more than a million car owners received Western Auto Supply catalogs each year. By now Pepperdine had broadened his stock. When cars had begun to come more completely equipped from the factory, the company stocked other items that almost rivals the modern drug store for variety.

Today Western Auto Supply Company is outstanding among corporations of its class. And George Pepperdine, the man who founded and helped to expand it from $5 and an idea to a $40,000,000 business, is one of the few millionaires who survived the depression. In July, 1939, after thirty years in this business, he retired to give his full time to philanthropic work.

That's part one of our story: "How he got his money." Such success is all very exciting to contemplate. But more important to us is this question: During these years of making money, what had money been making of George Pepperdine? What did he do?

Pepperdine went to the Lord!

It was along about 1925 that he suddenly realized that he and wealth were becoming as inseparable as Siamese twins. He would no sooner sink his profits into new enterprises—after faithfully deducting sizable portions for God's work—than new profits would arise to crowd his coffers. The more he gave away the more he had. It was baffling. But on second thought he was deeply humbled. "I was given a perfectly clear vision," he said. His keen eyes were looking out the window of the "den" in his unostentatious home. Presently he said thoughtfully, still staring out the window:

"When I saw for the first time that I was to be what the world calls a rich man, I took it seriously rather than jubilantly. There crept over me—afresh and with added import—a sense of responsibility." The blue eyes came around now. "Men who enter the ministry tell of their 'call' to preach," he said. "In that moment I felt a calling, just as real, I think, to a ministry not of sermons but of money."

He paused, anxious that we not think him a mere pietist. "I don't often talk about this 'experience' of mine," he said slowly, "because so few understand. They just think you're trying to add a religious glow to the possession of what they somehow feel is inherently a little wicked. They can't conceive of wealth as being other than worldly. But, you see, it wasn't my money, it was God's. It had been comparatively easy to be a good

steward with only a talent or two to spend for the Master. My anxiety now was to be as faithful with the many talents."

He has pretty definite ideas on this score. He feels that a large part of the spiritual as well as material poverty of the churches may be traced to the penny-gripping instincts of church members who are expert only in laying up treasures on earth where neither moth nor minister can touch.

George Pepperdine began early to war against the personal selfishness which his father had declared was a sin and a crime. His obligations of stewardship did not begin when he found himself the possessor of his initial million; they began to operate with the very first pennies and dollars he earned.

One of his first philanthropies was helping to support preachers in small, out-of-the-way sections. And as money began to attach itself to him in larger and larger sums, he expanded this practice until a larger number of Pepperdine-supported men were spreading the Gospel in many parts of the world.

"For a number of years," he says now, "I made it a matter of daily prayer as to what I should do to accomplish the most good."

Finally, some six years ago, it came to him that the greatest contribution he could make would be to provide young men and women with the educational opportunities he himself had missed. Surveying the existing institutions of higher learning, he couldn't help noting the decadence of religion in the curricula. Young people sent off to college came back minus their spiritual experience; many were cynics, some were outright infidels. The result was that he developed a profound mistrust of those scholars who, knowing nothing of experiential religion, pass it off as insignificant and thus steal the faith of their students.

He began to talk about it. He found plenty who agreed with him. But he didn't stop at talk. He had the wherewithal and the initiative to do something about it. The result was the establishment, three years ago, of the George Pepperdine College in Los Angeles.

Purchasing thirty-four acres of land on Los Angeles' West Seventy-Ninth Street, he sank a half million dollars into buildings and equipment of the most up-to-date type. Then he went shopping among the country's most progressive educators for his faculty, seeking instructors of spiritual as well as mental attainments. And in the fall of 1937 the school opened with an enrollment of 160 students. During its first term the college received recognition as a fully-accredited institution of higher learning and later became a permanent member of the Northwest Association of Universities and Colleges.

Now in its third year, the George Pepperdine College has 340 of the finest, most serious-minded young people in the land. If they have the money, they pay a tuition fee of $135 per year. If not, they work their way through. More than half this year's student body are earning either part or all of their college expenses. They are from twenty-seven states and four foreign countries.

Heading the faculty of thirty-two, all hand-picked, is President Hugh M. Tiner, who has displaced Robert Hutchins of Chicago University as the country's youngest prexy of an accredited college. Formerly assistant superintendent and later supervisor of Los Angeles County schools, Tiner is a good sample of the energetic and progressive type of Christian scholarship Pepperdine aims to supply at his dispensary of higher-bracket education. With Prexy Tiner we spent some time, roving about the palm-treed campus, wandering through the various buildings, all of the latest California type of stream-lined construction, and talking to students. And we came away convinced that the faculty is aggressively helping students to acquire the two main factors of a well-rounded education as outlined by the founder: *"Adequate preparation for a life of usefulness in this competitive world, and a foundation of Christian character and faith which will survive the storms of life."*

George Pepperdine knows about those storms of life. A man should who has wrested high success out of lowly beginnings. And he knows that strong religious faith is needed if a fellow is eventually to succeed in this workaday world and still be able to face his image in the mirror without a grimace of distaste.

PLEASE!

In the June issue, we asked you to tell us something about your family and your church.

We are afraid that we did not make clear to you how very much it would mean to *Christian Herald* to have you answer the questions we asked.

It will cost you only a three-cent stamp and ten minutes of your time.

It is not too late for you to help.

Please get your June issue of *Christian Herald* right now before you forget it. Turn to page 59, cut out the bottom half of the page, and you will then have on the front and back of that sheet the questions we would like to have you answer. It will not destroy one word of the editorial part of your June issue.

We thank those of you who have already filled out the questionnaire, and we also thank in advance the rest of you who are going to perform this important piece of service for the strengthening of the business structure of Christian Herald.

Instructions for mailing are contained in the questionnaire.

Many institutions, churches and charities have evinced a desire to spend his money for him. But for this rugged individualist their methods for the most part have seemed too mechanized. Stemming from the time of his early affluence, when he wanted to keep in touch with the preachers and missionaries he sponsored, he has wanted to give where his spirit listeth. So in 1932 Mr. Pepperdine formed the George Pepperdine Foundation, to which he later gave the larger part of his fortune.

The college is, of course, the main project of the Foundation. But there are other projects. One of the most interesting is the Helen Louise Girls' Home. Started in Los Angeles in 1937 by Mrs. Pepperdine, the home is for Protestant non-delinquent girls whose homes have been broken up by the death, divorce or separation of their parents. The girls, between the ages of fifteen and nineteen, are sent to high school, taught homemaking and some are sent to college.

At the Helen Louise Home many emotionally unadjusted girls have learned how to lead a normal, natural and useful life. It is in nowise an institution, this beautiful 15-room residence. The only compulsions in effect are regular church attendance—at the church of each girl's own choice—and a willingness to share the household tasks.

Among the many philanthropies which the Foundation is helping to finance is one for crippled children. Forty miles east of Los Angeles is the Casa Colina Home, which is known as the West's nearest approach to the Warm Springs, Georgia, institution. Here cases of infantile paralysis are treated under the care of trained nurses and experienced physicians.

Another project to which the Foundation contributes, and of which George Pepperdine is president, is the Pacific Lodge Boys' Home, a forty-two-acre farm situated in San Fernando Valley. The purpose of the Lodge is to readjust the viewpoint of first-offender boys who through assorted varieties of deviltry have tangled with the guardians of law and order. Many boys come to the Lodge from broken homes, some from the juvenile court, some from the probation department, others from such groups as the P.-T. A. who wish to see dangerous leanings toward rascality nipped in the bud. At present there are some seventy boys at the Lodge.

And here again Pepperdine's optimistic faith in youth and its prospects is worked out. "There's no such thing as an incurably bad boy," he states as the core and substance of his philosophy. "A boy who gets into trouble is only misguided. A great deal of so-called misbehavior is the result of a fellow's natural experimentation and inquisitiveness. Give him plenty to eat, time to play and some interesting work to keep him busy and he ceases to be a bad boy."

This program, like that at the Helen Louise Girls' Home, functions with a success that has drawn national attention from students of the "bad boy" problem. The files of the Home tell some pretty convincing tales of boys who have been permanently reformed as a result of what the specialists call "psychiatric juvenile adjustment" but which Pepperdine dubs "just common Christian horse-sense."

For many years Mr. Pepperdine has been promoting Boys' Clubs through the Y. M. C. A. Hundreds of under-privileged boys, many of them potential criminals, have been taken out of the streets and from alley gangs, given interesting and constructive programs of self-development and character-building, and in many cases have been transformed from rough-necks into a pretty fair brand of young gentleman. At the present time several George Pepperdine College students are leaders of Boys Clubs. Pepperdine himself gets a great kick out of the success his students are meeting in this work.

Just now the Foundation is financing the establishment of a training camp for Boy Scout leaders where, with the assistance of Scout executives and special instructors, the leaders of the future will be better prepared to promote effective-

(Continued on page 58)

SCANDINAVIAN SUMMER

The peaceful town of Lillehammer, Central Norway—now in ruins

This article, with its vivid picture of a peaceful, happy people, neither expecting nor wanting trouble, is of poignant, tragic interest in view of what has lately happened in Scandinavia

By

NANCY RICHEY RANSON

FRIENDLINESS and hospitality. Kindliness and warmth from a contented, free, home-loving people. These are the memories I have of a five months' sojourn last summer—the summer of 1939—in Norway, Sweden, Denmark.

They were incredulous over there last May that so many expected American tourists had remained home because of war talk. The idea of war was absurd, they kept saying. No one wanted war. Its only existence was in the headlines of the American newspapers and in the radio commentators' talks. The Scandinavians were neutrals, always had been. Even if there were war, travelers would be safe in the Scandinavian countries. And so they talked, bless their hearts. And so they believed. It was unthinkable that human beings should want to fight, when they could farm, and live, and be contented with their families and neighbors. And so it seemed, then, in Scandinavia.

Travelers on the Swedish-American liner learned more about the countries they were about to visit than one usually learns on the voyage over. The passenger list was made up principally of returning officials from the New York World's Fair and of naturalized United States citizens going back to their former countries, after many years, for visits. With the friendliness characteristic of these peoples, they put their best feet foremost to acquaint the visitors with their customs.

Canal from Göteburg, on Kattegat, to Stockholm—now closed

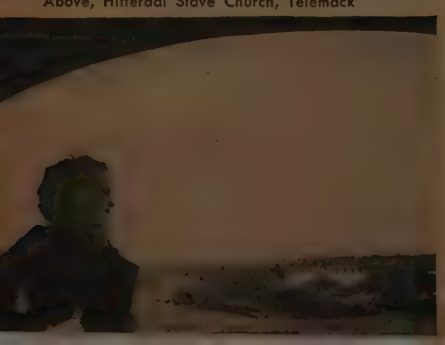
"You will like Denmark," a young Danish girl said, her eyes lighting up. "I have been away for nearly a year, studying social service case work in New York. Your country is farthest advanced of all countries in case work. But we, perhaps, have more nearly perfected other branches. I am to write articles on your system."

I remembered what an American official, a sojourner in Stockholm for many years, had told me before I left: "You will like the Scandinavian countries. In my opinion, they are the most civilized in all the world. Long ago they worked out many problems on which we are engaged at present: pensions for the aged, housing, health, socialized medicine, hospitalization among them."

And now this blue-eyed Danish girl with the soft voice: "I got my impressions of America from your American motion pictures. I thought of your country as typified by my visualization of three cities—New York, Chicago, Hollywood. My thought of New York was of men and women who had no home life, who spent

Left, mountain road near Hardanger, Norway, and below it a view of Andalsnes, where the Allied troops landed in Norway

Above, Hitterdal Stave Church, Telemack



their days rushing about working and their nights in gay life. Then there was Chicago: Hull House, and slums, and gangsters. Third, Hollywood: motion picture actresses, glamor, artificiality. 'I shall not like America,' I said, 'because I like *home* life. Now I have been there, and I know how wrong were the impressions given by the 'movies.' I *love* America.

"And now let me give you the right impressions of my country ahead of time, so you will not have to change your views, as I did. You couldn't visit Denmark at a lovelier time. Spring there is glorious, for you know Denmark, although on 500 islands, is a series of gardens and small forests. The trees and flowers will be in bloom when we arrive. Ours is a country of small farms. Only far in the north and inland, is there an uncultivated district, barren, heather-covered. Experts are trying to make this cultivable. We cannot afford to waste it.

"We have no millionaires in Denmark, no slums; no rich, no poor. With wealth evenly distributed, our people are easy-going. Not lazy, for that is an awful word. But they do not have to struggle, only work, reasonably hard."

The Danish Coast came into view, with Hamlet's "Elsinore" at the water's edge. Little white sails gleamed against deep blue water. Even one not coming home after a year felt the thrill of the long, low coast line.

Denmark's west coast was like another country, this girl went on. There only fishermen and their families live, a dangerous, hard life. Big, sturdy, they never joke as do the Danes in Copenhagen. Sometimes one family may lose three or four sons at sea in a single season. They believe that what happens is God's will. They are the real struggling population of Denmark and live their lives out on a bare coast, treeless, with sand tossing always in the wind.

We were speaking of Denmark again later in the evening. Smörgäsbord was being served on the glassed-in deck. We had helped ourselves from an array of fifty or more dishes: cold meats, herring, lobster, chicken, duck, salads, cheese, radishes, cucumbers, butter in strange, decorative curlicues, various breads, and pastries, to name a few. A Swedish army officer joined us, listening to our conversation.

"I am afraid," he broke in, "that we Scandinavians have put *too* much money into our social service system. I am afraid we have put too little into defense. What if we have provided wonderfully for our aged, our sick, our orphans and our poor? If we are not prepared to resist invasion, where will we be?"

The Danish girl laughed. "But we are neutrals, all of us. We always have been, at least in modern times. Why should we think of killing people instead of helping them to live?"

"In these times, we should be prepared," he said. Then he left his empty plate, walked back to the "cold table" to fill another, as a waiting steward whisked off the one left behind. Three times, he refilled his plate, just as others about us filled and re-filled theirs.

The Scandinavians enjoy eating. Or, at least, they did. This smörgäsbord table, served each evening at 11 p. m., was really the sixth meal of the day. Besides the three regular meals, there was bouillon at 10 a. m., served with cheese straws and wafers, and tea at 4 p. m., accompanied by an array of cookies and sweet breads.

As our Danish informant had foretold, Denmark was enchanting in its spring garb. Gnarled old pear and apple trees, reaching to the housetops, were solid masses of gay bloom. Espalier fruit trees climbed walls and housesides, their blooms lying white and pink against the old walls, like freshly pressed flowers. It was the lilacs that were most amazing of all. In seven shades, ranging all the way from foamy white to a deep royal purple,

SWEDEN—Left, bottom, The Northern Museum, Stockholm, seen from the Skanses Heights. Below, a party landing from one of the long "church boats" in Sweden. Right, Dalacarlian girls, and an old cottage. On facing page, column one, quaint church at Leksand, Sweden

they vied in height with the tallest trees in the park leading to Lingelanie, Copenhagen's famous waterfront.

Many Danish hotels are erstwhile palaces and embassies. The guest sinks ankle deep into rich carpets. Crystal chandeliers glitter from the ceilings. Bed linen really *is* linen, hemstitched and embroidered by hand. Our elevator was on the outside, although entered from inside the building. But looking out the window, one saw it run up and down the wall like a big bug.

Tivoli, Copenhagen's amazing amusement park, is the mecca of all visitors, as well as of all the inhabitants. The admission is reasonable. Once inside, the visitor may listen to fine concert music, dine on flower-bedecked balconies, join in folk dances and folk songs or, best of all, see Harlequin, Columbine and Pierrot in pantomime at the Children's Theatre out-of-doors. School children from remote sections of the country are brought in large groups to attend these performances. They sit in seats provided inside a high fence. Others stand—hundreds of interested grown-ups, who, if their vision is obstructed, rent periscopes through which to see the show. These periscopes, which look like elongated letter-boxes, with a mirror at the base, walking on stilts, are used widely by the Danes.

Copenhagen's population generally is gay, informal, friendly, witty, apparently always hungry, and always eating at tables on the flower-decorated outdoor balconies. Nearly all are bicyclists: members of parliament and waiters in "tails;" postmen in red coats, with mailbags on the handlebars, policemen, chimney-sweeps in little caps with brushes bristling behind them, mothers with babies in front and behind, porters with a suitcase and a portable typewriter resting nonchalantly on the handlebar, even as the cycle is guided downhill over cobblestones. And how the young Danes jibe their fellow cyclists! They call the women Granny, Auntie, or Sister, according to age and dignity. All laugh. All are gay and lively.

A trip into the country leads past little white houses with red or thatched roofs, set in gardens. A white church always tops the highest hill. Every farm has its hens and pigs, its cows, staked out in the pasture, so that each cow may graze within a radius of her own stake and not seek "greener fields." There are windmills, and storks' nests.

The way leads through a beech wood, green, incredibly green, in that mystic atmosphere at the edge of fairyland. Anemones, daisies, buttercups, dandelions, carpet the ground. If they ask you to have coffee in a farmhouse, accept. The Danes, like the Finns, are inveterate coffee drinkers. But in Denmark the coffee is diluted with chicory. For years Danish farmers have farmed and marketed their products cooperatively: eggs, milk, cream, butter, bacon, vegetables, fruits. Last summer it was a land of plenty. The people looked well-fed, some overfed. Yet their meals are simple. For breakfast, coffee, with rich cream and sugar, bread and butter, or oatmeal and milk. Luncheon calls for the open sandwich, typically Danish. A layer of butter, clear to the edge of the crust, almost as thick as the bread. That is the way Danes get their sunshine in winter. On top of the bread-and-butter, the filling: salmon, lamb, herring, egg, cheese, or the tiny Danish shrimp, arranged with the tails inside. Dinner is at 6 p. m., the big meal of the day. On the farm, the mother makes a fruit soup, or porridge, to satisfy the appetite before the more costly meat course is served. Coffee is served in between meals, all day. The guest must take not only the coffee, but a cake from every plate passed.

Nearly all Danes are Lutherans. They are born church members. They don't join the church; they belong already. Sometimes they leave it, though not often. Sunday is observed strictly. Shops are closed, but sandwiches, fruit, candies, chewing gum, even kodak films, may be obtained by dropping coins in the numerous slot machines in doorways and stations.

Like Norway and Sweden, Denmark is proud of her folk history and her elaborate museums, showing examples of buildings, shops, dress, and methods of life from the earliest civilization.

Imagine an Old People's Town! I visited one in Copenhagen. Here aged Danish men and women may live their own lives as they desire. There are apartments, centrally heated and lighted, with small kitchens, where old couples may keep house. There are bachelor apartments, too. There is a central kitchen from which meals may be sent on order to those who do not wish to cook.

For those not well enough to keep house, there are rooms, comfortably furnished. There *(Continued on page 56)*

DENMARK—Top of page, old people's town in C hagen, with comfortable homes. Next, loading a ve Lingelanie, harbor of Copenhagen. Next, home o Christian Andersen, Odense. Bottom, night on Ling

EACH SUMMER THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN ENJOY TWO WEEKS AT MONT LAWN

YOU HAVE A LITTLE FRIEND

By Barbara Rinehart

(Granddaughter of Mary Roberts Rinehart)

OUTSIDE my window on a small square of dirt set in the concrete pavement there is a young tree. It is not different from the kind of tree that grows in rich country soil: its thin trunk is erect, leaves come and go, and its young branches strain upward hungrily for the sky in the same way. But have you ever watched the growth of a city sapling? It is like a flower among great weeds of steel. For the seasons of growth are short, here in the city. Earth surrounded by concrete is poor nourishment for young roots; the savage summer heat and bitter ice of winter leave little time between for flowering. And so, if you watch closely through the seasons, you will often see the foliage come thinner each spring, the trunk bend from the vicious wind, and the branches begin to droop away from the sky as if they had ceased hoping to touch the light. Watching these young trees, you think, if only we could give them a chance to grow, a chance to live!

Now I have a friend. When I tell you about him I am not writing fiction—I am writing about a little boy who lives ninety-five blocks away from me here in New York City. I shall call him Peter. That is not his name, but he must never know I'm telling you about him, for like all other children he has pride, and great courage. I must respect that, just as I respect it when he tells me that he got the cuts and bruises I see sometimes on his face by falling downstairs. No more questions are asked, although I know he lives on the ground floor of a tenement house where he doesn't have to climb the dark stairs, and I know also he has a stepfather who is a victim of shell shock, who drinks, and is often violent. . . .

My friend Peter has a snub nose, a puff of unruly blond hair, and a strong-looking young body. In spite of a racking winter-long cough, he seems far huskier than you would think possible on his meager diet and poor care. But that sometimes happens. It is as if somehow his body shared in the courage and audacity of his spirit, for both make—without nourishment—a mighty attempt at growth.

He and thousands of other tenement children lack milk, eggs, red meat, and all the food that feeds the bone. Most of the children, unlike Peter, show their undernourishment pitifully: bones small as the bones of a bird, with barely flesh to cover them; thin sharp features that make the young-old eyes look enormous; and, sometimes, the hollow chests and twisted limbs that come from extreme vitamin deficiency.

They lack, too, the fuel foods the body needs for warmth. And in the months when the shopping districts are alive with fur-bundled crowds dodging the onslaught of the wind, Peter goes to school without a coat. It seems never to occur to him to complain over not having an overcoat, for so many of his friends have none either. Heads bent, bare hands tucked in pockets, and teeth gritted in pain at the slicing wind, thousands of children endure silently this ordeal. Often they try to stay indoors as much as possible during the winter. And in the summer, when the heat not only presses down from the sky but rises in shivering sheets from the pavement, the molten streets are equally unbearable. Thus the natural heritage of childhood, the out-of-doors—even the city out-of-doors—is denied these youngsters, who can come out of their gaunt tenements in any comfort only for a short time between two savage seasons.

If you could stand with me on the street where I often wait for Peter outside his home, and watch the tots clustered in the narrow darkness of the winter streets around their tiny raging bonfires—flames licking out at their hands and clothes—you would see the plight of tenement children illustrated. Fire on their hands and ice at their backs. Caught between two merciless seasons with only a brief respite in spring and fall. The seasons of growth and healthy play—of flowering of body and spirit—are short, here in the city.

How can weakened young bodies endure this? I don't know. Through some inexplicable fortitude they usually do. There are a number, however, who can not, and those we do not hear much about. A city ambulance comes quietly and takes them away, for three weeks, three months, or forever. We do not read about those things in the newspapers. A cat caught in a tree and rescued by the fire department is sometimes news—

these things are not. There are long stories behind the cardiac children in city hospital wards, the tubercular children, the children stricken with pneumonia. But they are stories concerned with such uninteresting terms as "malnutrition," "inadequate living conditions"; and we are not shown behind these phrases the drama of the gallant battle against circumstances, a battle so often doomed to failure.

That is why I look at Peter standing by his stoop-shouldered sallow young mother, with her thin arms and frightened eyes (she was probably strong and clean and full of hope at his age) and wonder how long courage alone can stand off defeat of body and spirit.

If only we could help them! we think; give them a chance to grow, a chance to live!

"We like to take long walks on winter days, it saves the coal"

Fortunately, we *can* give them this chance. How? Through Mont Lawn, the Children's Home sponsored by this magazine. There, as you know, each summer thousands of children enjoy two weeks or more of strengthening food, rest, and play. They grow muscular and tanned swimming in the two outdoor pools; or they paddle about in the wading pool until they have learned to swim. They play games in the cool air of the beautifully equipped playground. They take hikes through the woods and up the slopes of towering Hook Mountain. Their eager fingers are shyly introduced to flowers. Lying snug in screened cottages before dropping off to a sound sleep, they see, for the first time, the whole expanse of sky with stars hanging soft and near. (Peter once said, "You ought to try sleeping in our alley, with them cats and squawling babies, and the fights outside!") They learn to play joyously on grass; and—most of all—they eat! Two or three helpings each meal of fresh vegetables, bread, meat; gallons of milk—and soon young cheeks scooped out by undernourishment begin to fill and glow with color.

But there is a story of malnourishment of another kind behind the records in children's wards of city hospitals, the records in homes of correction, asylums, and prisons. The spirit of a child is an even more delicate thing than the body, and needs greater care and nourishment. But many thousands of children are on a starvation diet, so far as care and guidance and love are concerned. For how can a woman crushed with worry and discouragement, and the almost insurmountable problem of merely existing, give to her children as much as they need of love or anything at all of hope? And so by the time they are grown up, the children's spirits as well as bodies are battered down, crushed. Where there is little nourishment for the roots, the branches begin to droop away from the sky.

And the thirst for beauty that children have so strongly—that too is starved. My friend Peter wants to paint. But he doesn't want to paint the dirty streets, the tenements, the sad faces. He says he wants to paint fields and trees, and moving animals. If only he could see them! When we were at the rodeo he was spellbound by the clean movement of the horses, and said it was things like that he wanted to paint. Afterwards, he went home and took the stub of a pencil, (he has no paints, of course), and tried to capture on paper the glimpse of beauty he had found. But whether or not he succeeded, I know that such things are treasured away in his mind, a defense against ugliness and a source of strength.

That is another and greater reason why a vacation at Mont Lawn is much more than weeks of happiness for every child who goes there. The arbored walks bordered with flowers, the soft lines of hills arching down in the distance to the Hudson, and the beauty of the Chapel's cool twilight filled with singing—these are a source of strength, and a source of hope, when the children return to sordidness and sorrow.

You have all read—perhaps many times—descriptions of the slum districts of large cities and the pitiful young people who exist in them. I am sure you can close your eyes and picture the frail, half-naked bodies of children trying to play in the streets under a brutal sun, trying to sleep in the sweating night, sometimes as many as seven in one bed. I need not tell you of stairs and hallways so dark that a stranger has to light a match to find the door, or of the tiny rooms across which the washing line is sometimes strung in such a way that wet garments drip down on the dining table. I am sure you can even picture the despair of a mother watching her children scrub watery gravy from their plates with a crust of bread—knowing that these poor meals are an open invitation to anemia, influenza, tuberculosis, pneumonia. You can imagine the hopelessness of such mothers, and understand why Peter's young mother has a stolid look of sorrow about her, and frightened eyes. . . .

Yet there is one important thing you perhaps haven't imagined. It is a thing which is hard to convey in a description of slum conditions, and which the statistics never show. It is the fact that the hopelessness of the grown people whose dreams are broken is *not* in the children. While they are still young, they have, in common with youngsters everywhere, that divine quality which is one part courage, one part hope, and one part faith—the quality that makes more fortunate children believe in good fairies and Santa Claus. You can see it, behind the wary, young-old eyes, in an instinctive sensitiveness to love and beauty that shows itself by the tumultuous response to a friendly smile, the quick imagination leaping in recognition of beauty. They all have it, and so long as they do, there *is* hope for a better way of life for them.

Mont Lawn is childhood's dreams come true. If these children could go there and actually see in reality the things their imagination and hope tells them might exist, this quality I have tried to describe would never die.

Without knowing of this, you cannot know how important Mont Lawn is, what it has meant to thousands of youngsters for over forty years—what it would mean to a child like my friend Peter. . . .

You have a little friend, whose name is Jimmy—Mary—Barbara—Bill—who, right this very minute, is hungry and hot, sweating in a concrete playground, sitting in the hot shadow of a tenement, sleeping on a fire escape. You are his or her friend because I'm sure you share deeply in that sorrow! And you would share, even more, in the joy your little friend would have in two weeks of cool fresh air, healthful play, and love—at Mont Lawn.

Above, the principal avenue, Memorial Home Community. Below, left, typical apartments

BUILT BY A PREACH

by ANNA FRENCH JOHNSON

IF YOU take route No. Seventeen out of Jacksonville, Florida, and drive about eighteen miles you will suddenly be confronted by a veritable oasis.

Casual travelers gasp as this perfectly landscaped square leaps up like a mirage beside the highway; a jewel dropped into a setting of sand and low palmettos, rimmed about by a frame of evergreens against a blue and gold horizon. Many a stranger drives up and down the palm-lined esplanade in wonderment until a friendly resident or yard man satisfies his curiosity.

There are statues, buildings, portraits, and carvings, throughout our land, commemorative of our famous, beloved, great and good. But there is no memorial of such proportions, constructed in memory of an obscure hero and heroine, as this Memorial Home Community, in the land of sunshine. The reversal of the usual case is that here the donor of the project is known the world over; James Cash Penney, who built this Home in memory of his father and mother.

We wish that we could have penetrated the emotions of this Missouri-born lad, whose boyhood must have been one of extremely simple living with his Primitive-Baptist-preacher father and mother. One thing is evident; that father and that mother must have been so genuine, so self-sacrificing, so loving, that the ideals of the boy James were deeply rooted in their spiritual life.

When hard-won success came, his supreme desire was to evolve a permanent memorial to honor them. His idea was to present to the world a gift that lives, by making life easier and pleasanter for other retired ministerial couples than it had been for his parents.

Mr. Penney's memorial plan was started in a group of cottages which he had acquired at Green Cove Springs, twenty-five miles south of Jacksonville, and on the great St. Johns River. The response was so enthusiastic that he began the scheme of an entire village eight miles westward along the hard-surfaced highway.

By using the same psychology that has made his stores a success, Mr. Penney's basic principle was to achieve separate homes for the old preachers and their wives, by dividing the cottages into sound-proof apartments opening directly out of doors, and nearly all on the ground floor.

Since our only native architecture is the dry-climate adobe pueblo of Spanish-Indian origin, extensive research was made in Europe for a suitable type for the latitude which had been chosen.

The result is beyond imagination. A group of twenty-two Norman-French cottages are symmetrically placed in a large square, each surrounded by protecting shrubbery. Through the center of the grounds runs a two-way double avenue bordered by waving palms, which leads to the beautiful Chapel at the north end. The other buildings include ninety-two apartments, an infirmary, and offices for the Superintendent and the Doctor.

This group of charming homes was the gift of Mr. Penney, free of debt, fully equipped, with a reserve fund and a small endowment. Where else can one find such generosity toward the "laborers in the vineyard" who can never achieve affluence by their own efforts?

It must have been done with the certainty that there would come into that Garden some who would be unappreciative of what he had done for them. But, like the heavenly Benefactor, he has gone on giving the privilege of these

R'S SON

homes—more beautiful than most could have otherwise—ungrudgingly.

This project does not bear the stigma of charity which self-respecting humanity so universally resents. It is self-supporting. Only such restrictions are imposed as will insure the comfort and congeniality of the residents. A minimum income of $650.00 must be assured by each couple to cover necessary food, clothing, electricity, and emergencies.

They are to furnish the personal items of bedding, pillows, linen, silver, dishes, and kitchen utensils. The four rooms are supplied with necessary furniture. In the kitchen are refrigerator, electric cooking stove, built-in ironing board, laundry tub, sink, and cabinet. The floor is tiled. In the dining room are table, four chairs, serving table, cupboard, and rug.

The living room contains an American Radiator Heatrola, a large rocker and a straight chair, small table, book shelves, floor lamp, and fiber rug. The dressing room holds twin beds which swing outward, mattresses, dressing table and chair, large wardrobe and rug. The floor of the bathroom is tiled. There is a large cloak closet and a screened porch which serves for another room at all seasons.

Garage space is available in the order of arrival. And for the garden addict, there are tracts of twenty-five by one hundred feet, where much food is raised as well as flowers and small fruits.

A minimum maintenance fee of $12.50 per month covers the following items; water, fuel, janitor service, outside electric current, and upkeep of the grounds.

It is truly "Spotless Town," for no Holland village, where they scrub the inside of the wells, ever exceeded this spot for order and cleanliness.

A quaint sight is the oldtime wheelbarrow as it is trundled from door to door by a smiling, brown-skinned distributor of pine logs and bags of coal, which he places carefully in the big covered box inside the porch door.

Since the clergy, of necessity, became uprooted early in life, they are quite cosmopolitan by the time they must choose a spot in which to enjoy, for the first time, a leisurely home life, undisturbed by former responsibilities. Therefore no newcomer need anticipate a heavy, humorless, sanctimonious atmosphere. These ninety-two couples (there are no continuous vacancies and always there is a waiting list) are a cheerful, witty, friendly lot. They're no saints, holding tip-tilty halos on their heads with both hands, but are just as human as before they became so happily segregated among their own craft. An amazingly vital, "youthful", community it is.

There may be incipient little bickerings, and there was one man who got plain mad, and, shaking the sand out of his shoes, departed haughtily for the North. And it is but natural that a long residence in this earthly paradise may sometimes have engendered a slightly Bostonese attitude toward the bourgeois who are so unlucky as to be outside the "Sacred Precincts", as it has been facetiously labeled.

After all, what is to be expected in this world of imperfect human beings? The difference here is that those who have spent their lives showing the way to others, are quicker to acknowledge their own faults and humbly beg forgiveness.

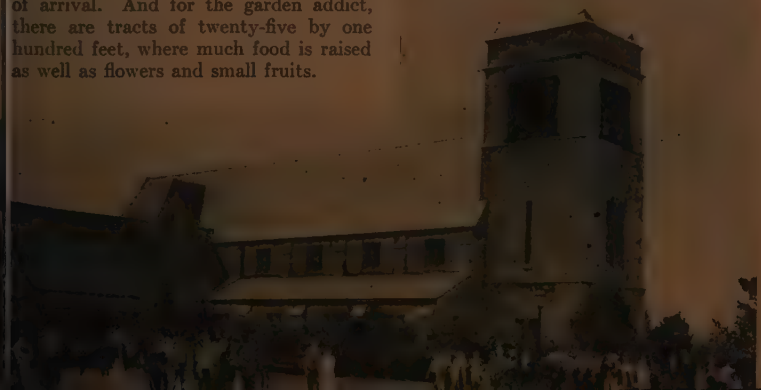
There are perennial jokes, as in every happy family. For instance: A good garden rake was lost. Upon being questioned, one of the ebon-hued yard men promptly vociferated, "Naw sur, non o' us neva' lifted it—but I kain't speak fo' none o' dem preachas!"

A force of colored helpers keeps the landscaped spaces in fine order. Back of the Community plot, their huddle of little houses, a store and a church, form their "Quawters." With their unquenchable humor, they speak of the Memorial Home Community space as "De Holy City," with a wink and a chuckle. But they are most volubly appreciative of the members of the Group who go to their small church to hold children's classes and meetings.

With what fervor these ex-workers play! There are indoor, chatty, table-games during the long afternoons, but outdoor sports are the greatest attraction. Some roam the golf course from early morning. Others harden muscles with outdoor bowling, shuffle board, croquet or roque. Side line spectators bask in the winter sunshine on the green benches, and root enthusiastically for the contestants.

At the Sunday morning Chapel service, a surpliced choir of rich, mellow voices from among the residents, furnishes fine anthems. The pulpit is filled by the ministers of the Group in turn, or by noted visi- *(Continued on page 52)*

Below, left, the Community Chapel. In this column scenes of community life—bowling "on the green;" Dr Billings, aged 75, and Mrs. Billings, cooking their dinner and two youngsters, 75 and 74, playing shuffle board



The Preacher as farmer, starting for hay—"The more I worked my farm, the better I did my church work"

Above is the Country Preacher and Mrs. Gilbe in one of their few unoccupied minutes, takin a rest on the lawn before their country hom

FORTY YEARS A Country Preacher

By George B. Gilbert

☆

POLITICS

[PART TEN]

THE boys and I were husking corn in the barn, one morning in the fall of 1924, when we saw someone coming down the walk. They walked right in on us; you don't rap when you enter a barn. They were, we discovered, a delegation from the Town Democratic Committee. They tried to husk a bit, but they were pretty bad at it, so they just sat awhile and then they sprang it. They wanted me to run for State Senator. It was hard for me to arrive at a quick decision, sitting there with my lap full of corn-husks. But when it occurred to me that I might help my country folks get electricity into their homes, I said, "Sure. I'll run." And that was that, just like that.

As children, mother had fed us religion and father had fed us politics; I was no stranger to either. Politics was father's meat and drink. If he had spent more time studying poultry bulletins than he did studying the political editorials of the New York *Sun*, we'd have been better off.

As national elections always came in the fall, corn husking and politics have always been arm in arm in the country. They certainly continued their kinship that night on my barn floor when the committee arrived. There was not a chance in the world of a Democratic senator being elected that fall, but I had a great time campaigning.

Since high tariff doctrine would always throw father into a fever of excitement, I had always laid most of our country's ills at its door—and do now; so that fall I took a much worn woolen sweater with me, and walked up and down the aisles of a hall showing them the garment at first hand and telling them what it cost and what it should have cost. I pulled such a good vote that I was considered by the opposition as a politician that would bear watching.

After that experience, I turned more and more to local politics, and began writing "Open Councils" for the local paper. The parishioners didn't seem to mind my getting into this, as they knew it was for the poor folks and the farmers that I was fighting. I declared I wanted open and above-board government, for I was convinced that it was not the ones that the public voted for who ran the public's affairs, but the boys in the back room. The mayor was a figure head.

In the local press of that time I find a headline: "Gilbert Directs Battery at Mayor"; I was quoted as saying, "I wondered if the mayor had ever said anything about the city's affairs all by himself. In fact, we should always ask ourselves if the mayor or someone back of him has been running the city. How do people like, in city or in state affairs, to vote for a man and have someone they did not vote for, and cannc get at, really be the ruling power? Can we have a mayor who would be onl too glad to go into the town hall an tell us all about our money and nc go and ask someone else what to d and what to say?"

About this time, too, I had a run-i with the local Chamber of Commerce. don't say that this organization may nc have its place, but, if it has, it had bette keep in its place and not try to take th place of the voters. The organizatio became quite excited over our accusa tions, but they were never shown to b untrue. As far as I know, the Chambe of Commerce has never undertaken t run the city since. A man came out try ing to get me to join the Chamber, sayin that one of its members had offered t pay the ten dollars membership fe But the town at that time would certain ly have thought I had fallen fro grace, if I had joined—and I woul have thought so, too.

Matters of taxes and the expenditur of public money seemed to grow wors and worse in the town and, after writin up quite a bit in the local paper durin the summer, I set forth on the greate venture of faith I have ever attempte I, a poor country missionary on a litt old farm in the outskirts, scandalous invaded the strongholds of the might faced the sneering derision of the schoole politicians of the party who had ha absolute sway over the city for yea and years, and hired the big town ha for a public meeting of indignation an protest.

If I ever did any hard praying in m life, it was over that meeting in the tow hall. I honestly felt it was the Lord work and a straight moral issue. Such thing had never happened in this se tion, and no one seemed to think the

would be anybody in the hall. I certainly would have been the laughing stock and joke of the town, and I don't know how I could have ever shown my head upstreet again, if only a few came to the meeting.

One of my friends told me after the meeting that, as he sat in his home that night, he kept feeling more and more sorry for me as he visioned my sitting there alone in that great hall, so he decided to step down to the meeting just as a gesture of friendly comfort. He stepped down street all right and stepped up fairly near the door, but he could get no further. The place was packed.

I gave a long talk to this crowd of voters and answered questions, and they voted their opinions on various matters. All of them wanted more meetings. I suggested that we take a collection to pay for the rental of the hall. So much more was received than was needed that we had to elect a treasurer.

We continued these meetings in the Town Hall under the name of The Taxpayers' League with the lawyer as secretary, and the grocer as treasurer, and myself as president. Before long we realized that a local election was upon us. We boldly put forth our grocer for mayor. He was elected by a most astonishing and overwhelming majority. He was elected three times after that, holding the office for eight years—which shows what the people thought of a real mayor.

Right after this election, the next month, came the state election, and the lawyer and I ran for the House of Representatives in Hartford. We ran a "visible-government-economy-campaign" again, and both worked toward a greater extension of electricity, and against boss rule. In our campaign we hammered it home that the citizens had voted overwhelmingly against boss rule in Middletown, then we went on to say:

"Now we are going out to ask the people whether they want to register a protest against the kind of government that is put over on them up at Hartford. Does anyone think that the man who is called governor is really the governor of the state? Do you like to vote for a man that you know must do just as he is told to do by someone else? Why not have the candidates that are going up to represent us, and not private interests of franchise seekers, get up before the people and tell what they stand for and how, as far as they now know? They expect to vote on questions that will surely come up. It isn't a matter of race, creed, or color that the voters are sitting up all night to worry about, but it is a matter of what the candidates and officials stand for, how they intend to vote and whether they intend to represent all the people or only a part of them."

When our opponents for the legislature called for "facts" as to boss rule, our lawyer gave them this from the New Haven *Courier-Journal*, which just about beat anything we could say:

"The fact is, the legislators of the dominant party who have been going to Hartford of late years have been named in the main by the boss. There are exceptions in a few districts where local organization was strong enough to foil the Oligarchy's plans; but the completeness of the machine control no one questions who has witnessed it in operation, and especially one who has had business to do with the legislature. As a working arm of a Democratic form of government, it is a joke. The individuals who compose it, from many of the cities and more of the small towns, have been 'O. K'd' by Mr. Roraback. Without his approval the "leading citizen" will

After the meeting, two men came up front and said they were with me heart and soul and would do anything they could to help. This took courage on their part, for I was far from pleasing to the upper crust of the city, and I had expressed rather liberal—some thought radical—views from time to time. (Friends phoned out next morning to see if our house had been bombed during the night.)

One of these two men was a grocer who had a store on Main Street, and who was known for his straightforward honesty and fair dealing. He had, thanks to his knowledge of grocery-store chat, helped me much in gathering data as to how the city was being run.

The other person was a young Jewish lawyer, named Citron, just out of Harvard Law School, with very liberal ideas. He had come from a poor family in the city, worked his way through college and law school and he needed a start. It certainly wouldn't help him on the road to a lucrative practice to join with the honest grocer and the so-called "militant" parson.

At the top, above, is the Gilbert family, from a photo taken in 1938. At the Preacher's left, is his daughter, Virginia; to his right, Mrs. Gilbert, Charles, Closson, and Shelly, with his bride. The second picture shows the wedding of son Closson. The bride and groom are in the center

not offer for the party nomination to our Connecticut parliament, for he knows he cannot get it; and if he is rash enough to invite support at the polls, the immense Roraback machinery, with political wheels, municipal, county, state, even in Washington, begins to revolve and he is crushed."

This campaign waxed hotter and hotter. We spoke at noon hour in front of every factory in town, and in the evenings in about every public hall. We promised, if we went to Hartford, to hold meetings constantly in the town hall and tell the people about the legislative bills that might be in the works, and ask their opinion concerning them. Thus they might feel that they were taking an active part in making laws.

I kept hammering at the electric situation and a report of one of my campaign speeches dated October 22, 1926, said:

"What has New England got left? Her timber is all gone. Wood is getting higher and higher because it is scarcer and scarcer. What do her textile factories have to do to compete with the South and Middle West? They send down to Alabama for a bale of cotton. They go clear out to western Pennsylvania to get a ton of coal. They go out to Iowa for a piece of beef. They bring from Dakota some flour to make a loaf of bread for a workman to eat. They make a shirt and send it out to Sears and Roebuck in Chicago, and the workman's wife makes out a money order and sends for it to come back to the same shop where he made it. What has New England got left—but her water power? The Connecticut River has a fall of 500 feet and the Merrimac a fall of 1,159 feet, and it is claimed that two-thirds of their flood waters would furnish light and power for all the southern part of New England.

"The very life of New England depends on getting cheap electricity. It is to be the farmer's hired man on the farm, and the hired woman in the farmer's home. It will keep the woman on the farm. The farmers ought to arouse themselves to the last man and send men to Hartford who will tell them of every move in the water power line that is going on up there. You can rely on the people if they know the facts."

On the night before the election the editor of the local paper said to me, "There hasn't been a Democrat sent to Hartford from this town for fourteen years and I don't believe there will be any sent up this year. However, I'll concede *you* may be elected tomorrow, but this staid old town is far from being ready to send a young Jew up there to represent them."

Well, he was wrong—away off. Citron and I were both triumphantly elected.

When we started for Hartford that first day of the session in my old model T Ford, a crowd gathered in front of the post office and gave us a great send off.

The old boss rule stone crusher tactics were in full swing, and I was put on a committee that never was supposed to meet and never did meet. My running mate was made minority leader, but that didn't get him very far. The few Democrats that were there were seated over in a corner where it was very convenient for the speaker not to hear them when they wanted to speak. Such satisfaction does no one any good, but I can't help mentioning that soon after the session this boss-picked speaker was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison.

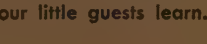
I spoke and worked with all my might for better roads in the country districts,

VACATIONS !

Did you have a vacation this year? Did it make you discontented with your home life? Of course, if you had a good vacation you hated to come back to the grind of making a living or running a household,—but it was good to get away and good to get back home, wasn't it?

Never worry about the harm a vacation does to the child of the city's slums—don't worry about possible discontent. Real Christians do not believe in keeping people in ignorance of a better way of living—of a possible way out of the drudgeries and miseries of their lives, they believe that they are their brother's keeper and devote their lives to helping the less fortunate.

A vacation at Mont Lawn gives a child a new impression of life—whole families are influenced by what our little guests learn.



and a movement was started that resulted in a bill being passed, at a subsequent session, appropriating $3,000,000 a year from the automobile license money for roads. What a boon this has been to my country flock!

One morning in the spring a member of the House left his home and got completely stuck in the mud. He had to leave his car and walk some two miles to a state road. When he got there and tried to get a ride, he found two trucks and a big gang of state men setting out shrubbery and flowers—sort of a posy garden. Was that man mad! The Grange got back of the good road movement, and now in many towns in this state there are no unimproved roads left.

As for the changes that have come about in electricity, I can hardly believe my own eyes. In one locality where we worked so hard to get it some years ago and had meetings about it in the church with agents of the company present, the lowest minimum rate we could get was twelve dollars a month. Of course this was actually more than any house in that section would rent for at that time.

But we kept working and working on it, and we had a man down from the public utilities and an engineer from Connecticut University, and it got warmer and warmer for the electric company. Now we have electricity all through that section and in our church for a minimum of three dollars and seventy-five cents a month. The great backing offered to farm folk by the Roosevelt administration has been of the very greatest help to the country sections. A government offer of aid is always in the background. To be sure, that covers only fifty-six kilowatts, but we have found that is all the average family uses anyway.

For years the Boss of the Republican party in Connecticut was also head of the electric utilities. He had water power franchises he got for nothing but which were worth untold money, and at his death his estate ran into millions.

When I was put on the Committee on Unfinished Business, I wrote an open letter to the Press, "I accept, O King, with the understanding that the unfinished business is your dethronement." How much I had to do with it is not for me to say, but, anyway, he was utterly unseated several years before his death, and Dean Wilbur B. Cross of Yale College was elected in his stead. Gov. Cross was not only elected but reelected, and reelected, and reelected.

After my legislative experience, I consented to run for the City Common Council for a four year term. I was elected and reelected. I refused to run again, for someone else could do that work just as well as I, quite likely better—and I was a minister after all.

One might consider whether a minister should not strictly "stick to the Gospel." I will say this, that in all my political efforts, stumping all over the city and state, broadcasting, writing for the press, I heard hardly a word of criticism from the bishops, fellow-ministers, or my parishioners, many, if not most of them, belonging to a different party from the one I did belong to. I say "did" because now I no longer know in advance which ticket I shall vote.

I often think if people would read and study more what Jesus himself said instead of so much what others say about what He said, we would be better off. I note that He told us to pray for his kingdom to come *on earth*.

(Concluded next month)

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

For the AIR MINDED

IN THIS age of specialized effort, it is pleasant to hear of one profession that is open to ple of assorted talents and inclinas. During this period of limited proction it's nice to contemplate a field t is practically without boundary es. Applicants for so many jobs have n turned down because they do not sess college diplomas that there's a ill in hearing of a series of jobs which open to those individuals who have er been blessed with a so-called higher ucation.

The air—and by the air I mean radio s one of the youngest arts. And yet, pite its youth, it is already one of the ion's great industries. Radio, which s scarcely more than a dream a quar-century ago, now entertains us and s our merchandise and forms our nions and—very often—elects our sidents. As a means of expression it not be ignored. As a means of liveli-od it can only be greeted with loud plause and cheers.

n radio a fine singing voice or a pleas-speaking voice will often win quick ognition. If you have a gift for play-the piano or the violin or the harp r even the mouth organ—you've a chance in radio. If you're a writer o can work fast and produce spar-ng conversation, there are thousands of ipts to be written each week. If you act, or direct actors, a wide door y be ready to open at your touch. d—to leave the more or less creative e of radio out of the picture—there myriads of positions waiting for tech-ians who are clever and sure and de-ndable.

Every radio program that goes on the —and if you'll search through the lio calendar in your daily newspaper u'll see how many of them *do* go on air—has a veritable army of people nnected with it. Take, for instance, a ytime program which tells a simple ry of simple folk. This program em-ys a script writer, a director, any mber of actors, a sound man, usually a musician and sometimes a whole orchestra. In the control room, while the script is being played, there must be an engineer who takes care of the instrument board and a production man who ties up a million loose ends.

The radio script, before production, is usually handled by an advertising agency. In the agency there will be several people who devote most of their time to the welfare of that script. There will be a publicity man, and an account executive and several stenographers—at least. And so it goes.

Many of you who read this article are without doubt radio fans. You've been told of the fabulous salaries which the headliners—your favorites—command. These high salaries, however, belong to extreme cases; it is with the average salary that we are concerned. The average salary, though not astounding, is more than adequate—the radio laborer is worthy of his hire and receives it promptly.

One day last week I was in a broadcasting studio listening to the production of a fifteen-minute play. Just as the play was going on the air a little girl walked into the room—she was so small that, at first, I thought she had made a mistake, or was looking for someone. I was surprised when she joined the group who were waiting in front of the microphone, and, as the play began to take form, I was even more surprised. For the script called for the cries of a newborn baby and the little girl's specialty was—believe it or not—*crying*. Standing on a chair in front of the microphone she would hold her two chubby hands over her mouth and give an extraordinary imitation of a day-old infant . . . There are numbers of people, more usually adults than children, who make their living by imitating strange human cries and animal sounds—and if they're good at it, they're seldom without work.

I know a young woman who is constantly busy in radio because she is clever with foreign accents. When there is a French woman to be played she can adequately create that French woman to the listening ears. When an Italian woman is searching through a street crowd for her lost child, my friend, by throwing in an Italian word or two, can make the anxious mother come alive. A few years ago this gift would have had no market value—today it is a veritable

When a radio story goes into production it begins, as I said before, with the

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EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

KEEP AMERICA OUT OF WAR

An immediate, sacrificial program for peace.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

THE overwhelming majority of the American people desire and are determined to remain out of this war. But while the overwhelming majority of the American people desire and are determined to remain out of this war, equally true it is that the overwhelming majority are not neutral in thought. They are against dictators, liquidators of religion, persecutors of minorities, destroyers of democratic institutions.

How can these opposites be reconciled?

An immediate, dynamic, sacrificial program for peace is the only answer.

It must be a program for peace, not for war. But such a program is for nations at war, and would be for America, *should war come to us,* the only peace which does not contain seeds of the next conflict.

It must be immediate, for when any peace or armistice is reached through a military decision, the powerful neutral that has not suffered will be despised.

It must be sacrificial. For a neutral to speak on any other than a sacrificial basis to nations whose sons are dying, would be a gratuitous insult.

It must be dynamic. War is dynamic. The peace also must march.

As to the defenses of the nation, the overwhelming majority of the American people are impatient of delays. They are appalled by the fact that, after spending more than six billion dollars on the Army and Navy in less than eight years, if accredited authorities are correct, this nation is still practically defenseless. The argument that neutrality is a defense has been exploded by bombs over Scandinavian countries, by mass murder along the highways of Belgium and France. Neither honor nor weakness is sacred now. The American people are prepared to make all necessary sacrifices to protect the American continent and American democracy from the ruthlessness that has despoiled the free peoples of Europe. They are immediately concerned for the status of Greenland, all islands of the North and Middle Pacific, and that there should be understanding between the United States, Canada, Mexico, and South American republics. They would increase the flood of supplies and equipment to England and France.

But, at the most and best, a program of defense is not enough. An immediate, sacrificial, dynamic program for peace remains as the imperative of this fateful hour. We believe that such a program should include the following:

A SEVEN-POINT PROGRAM FOR PEACE

(1) America's support of a world agency for the administration of world affairs. This without interference with purely internal affairs.

Note: In other words, the application of the federal principle internationally. International relations are now administered by treaty and by secret treaty, by notes, by balance of power agreements, through secret alliances, and with intrigue. America may be able to stay out of this war, but she is in the world and cannot escape, nor should she escape, world affairs. Our Government serves notice on the belligerents that freighters in Norwegian ports must be assured safe conduct to their home harbors. The State Department notifies Japan that the status quo must be preserved in the Dutch East Indies.

(2) America's support of police power for such an administration of world affairs.

Note: So long as we recognize this principle for community security, for the protection of personal property and individual life, must we not come to accept the same principle to make safe ocean lanes of travel, and to maintain international security?

(3) America's support of open economic frontiers with free access to raw materials and natural resources, and with reciprocal trade agreements.

Note: So long as there is economic control by the "haves" against the "have-nots," the economic causes for armed conflict remain.

(4) America's support of collective responsibility for the administration of all colonies and mandates.

Note: Collective responsibility should everywhere be substituted for national ownership. So-called backward peoples should be the responsibility of all free and favored peoples and this responsibility should be administered primarily in the interests of the backward peoples.

(5) America's support of the principle that higher levels of life and democratic institutions cannot eventually be maintained anywhere unless with their blessings they are made available everywhere.

Note: One man cannot hold another down without staying with him. The principle is universal. Also, it is the Christian ethic. I am my brother's keeper.

(6) America's support of a coalition peace commission representing all political faiths, named by the President, and working with him to create and present this nation's sacrificial program for peace.

(7) Finally: for such a program and with such a program, America's cancellation of war debts.

Note: Cancel war debts to help pay the price of peace. To win wars, nations have given sons and treasure to the point of physical, economic and social bankruptcy. Peace also has a price.

Do you say—"This is sheer idealism"? Very well, but idealism, some such idealism, must become realism or we shall face again and again, and yet again, the reality of war. As never before since the federal idea of government was first born and then applied on the North American Continent, our freedom is challenged.

For this nation, there are presently but two alternatives: participation in armed

(Continued on page 63)

Mrs. Morrow's magnificent Great Dane, Cnūt, who is quite one of the family

Cnūt's Blackout

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article, written last fall, was crowded out by the story of Mrs. Morrow's return to America. We publish it now because we believe her thousands of admirers among CHRISTIAN HERALD readers would not want to miss anything she wrote for them.

AS FAR as I've been concerned for the past two weeks there has been but one war front and that has been right here in my bedroom at Hearthstone. I've been carrying on a very personal war with influenza and have beaten the enemy. But the devastation is something awful to behold! I can't help wondering if the enemy *could* look worse than I. I am still confined to my room, too weak, thank heaven, to worry or to brood. If Hitler came this minute and dropped a bomb, I wouldn't bother to put on my gas mask. Why trouble when you've no head left on which to fasten a mask?

My bed room is one of the oldest rooms in this ancient house, gradually abstracted from the attic by succeeding generations, here a cupboard, there a cupboard, there a long latticed window and supporting window seat, yonder space for a tiny spiral staircase, belonging to this room alone. Great black bits of beams, like elbows, support the ceiling in odd places. The fireplace opening is about a yard high and eighteen inches wide and contains a very small Adam coal-grate. The fire basket won't hold more than two quarts of coal. And that's perhaps as well, for we are now on a coal ration and literally count the lumps!

Not that for the moment the coal ration bothers me. Mrs. Searle starts my little grate singing and glowing before the belated North Sea sun is up, and I, languidly watching the light, am thankful that the blackout is over for one more night. We have had great trouble with Cnūt, my Great Dane, over this nightly darkening of the house. His bed is in the bathroom, opening from my bedroom. He loves his bed and normally retires to it enthusiastically. On the first night of the blackout he trotted gaily over the threshold, stared at the black-curtained window and backed away, trembling. I turned on the electric light to see if there was anything wrong with his bed. All seemed as usual. I turned off the light and told Cnūt to *go to bed*. He barked at me! I insisted. He was immovable. Then we had an argument during which I explained that he might as well be resigned to it, that he couldn't have a star lit window because if a light were turned on in the bathroom at night, not a beam must show for any prowling enemy airmen and that certainly he couldn't ask Penn and me to use a lightless bathroom. Cnūt finally sighed and crawled into his bed. I turned off the light, closed the door and went to my own couch.

But not sleep. Cnūt, after a moment or two of appalled silence began to weep in queer disjointed little sentences. He tried to tell me that he couldn't *see* or did he say that he saw too much, things he didn't want to see? At any rate, after an hour, I got up in the dark, carefully drew the black curtains after closing my window, turned on the light and opened the bathroom door. Cnūt was standing where I had left him, rigid and trembling in the middle of his bed. I closed the door behind me to shut out light, crossed to the window and drew back the black curtains. A great latticed square of stars appeared. Instantly with an enormous sigh, Cnūt dropped down on his mattress, curled his legs together and closed his eyes. We have not left him in a blackened bathroom since.

The walls of this room are four feet thick on two sides and in case of an air-attack would be practically free of any danger of being pierced by flying splinters. But imagine the amount of resistance offered by the thatched roof! Not that there's any use worrying about that now. It should have been considered some four or five hundred years ago, when this part of the cottage was planned; a great lack of foresight on someone's part! Personally, I don't see in what I'm spiritually or physically better off than were the women whose husbands protected this house with bows and arrows and kept their helmets on the staircase shelf where our gas masks now rest.

My daughter Felicia who married the Belgian airman has worked out her winter plans. She is giving up her flat and is going to live with her pretty little mother-in-law, whose place is near the great Brussels park of which Felicia and Jules are so fond. Felicia writes, "Jules has had his two days' leave and now it's a lovely dream. We walked and we talked and we sat in front of the fire and drank tea and ate nuts and laughed and laughed. We never once spoke of war. Do you think it will all end, sometime? Seems to me it's been going on forever. We are going to have a baby at our house next spring and I'd thank Hitler if he'd mind his own business so I can tend to mine! We could all be so happy if he wasn't so map-conscious."

I thought when I started this Pilgrim page that I would be able to write without mentioning war. But I have to set down what I think—and there you are. In the meantime, one thought cheers me. My daughter Penn and I are planning for our annual visit home, just as if all were peace, and if that isn't enough to drive away the shadows and the lethargy that belong to influenza, what will! The next time I write, I'll know when, where and how; and in these days, that is a stupendous problem to tackle.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

July, 1940

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

MONDAY, JULY 1

TREES
"THE PLANTING OF THE LORD."
READ ISAIAH 61:1-11.

JOYCE KILMER'S immortal poem, so rich in imagery, so reverent in expression, takes on new meaning as we gaze at the princes of the woodlands, or their smaller brethren who stand nearer home. Wherever we look at them, they lift our thoughts to the faithful Father. His power brings forth their dormant life. It is He also who has planted us in His grace. There are dark days and bright. But even the winds that blow drive our roots deeper, to take firmer hold on the unseen. So shall our vigorous life and sturdy growth bring shade and shelter to other hearts.

Help us to take life's experiences, some trying and bewildering, and use them for the soul's growth. Through Christ Jesus our Lord, Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 2

WHAT'S THE GOOD?
"WHO WILL SHOW US ANY GOOD?"
READ PSALM 4.

WE ALL grow discouraged sometimes. The way of the pilgrim is hard and long. The life of the Christian is beset with difficulty, trial, and misunderstanding. Yet the Psalmist, imploring the divine favor, shows how joy and confidence can be restored. The pilgrim way brings the soul to its heavenly city. The conflict issues in victory, the Christian life in glorious fulfillment of God's promises. Therefore, take heart of grace. Gladness shall fill the day; peace and security the night. God never fails us.

We bless Thee for the comfort of Thy word, the assurance of Thine aid, and the ultimate good which shall crown all true endeavor. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3

SACRIFICE
"HEREIN IS LOVE."
READ I JOHN 3:14-24.

THERE is a brave medical man in New Jersey. He is without hands, a martyr to humanity's good. Several years ago, he became an enthusiast about Röntgen rays. His experiments entailed some risk. Burned by the rays, his right hand developed cancer. It was amputated. Yet he kept on until the left hand had also to be amputated. What induced him to run such risks and make such sacrifices? Love—love for his work and his fellowmen. What of the Christ who laid down his life? By the love that He bore men, He sacrificed Himself for our sins. Who dare doubt, who dare sin after that?

O Christ, although we cannot grasp what our redemption cost, help us to acknowledge Thy claims on us. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 4

THE TRUSTING HEART
"TRUST IN THE LORD WITH ALL THY HEART."
READ PSALM 121.

BLESSED is the heart that has found God as its refuge, and can confide in His fatherly goodness. You may remember how beautifully Sidney Lanier expresses that thought. He says: "As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod, behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God; I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh hen flies in the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies; by so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the sod, I will heartily lay me a hold on the greatness of God."

Like the mountains for stability, like their caves for coolness and security, is Thy love for man. Help us to trust in Thee, through Christ, Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 5

KEYS
"THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM."
READ PROVERBS 2:1-9.

PEOPLE have a habit of collecting the most curious things. The hobby of one strange fellow was keys of every variety. Some were rusty, others bent, others of the oddest shape. Yet they all had a story. One was the key to a castle, another to a church. Some had opened a desk, a treasure chest, a garden, or a school. They were fashioned of iron, bronze, and steel. But there is a golden key for the Christian. It unlocks the treasures of God's word. It fits the lock of His promises. It opens the way into Christ's garden of peace. And its name is faith. Do not let it be a collector's piece. Carry it every day.

Thou, O Christ, hast made Thine unsearchable riches ours. Give us the golden key of faith that we may be blessed by Thy Holy Spirit. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 6

HOW MUCH DO WE CARE?
"GIVE YE THEM TO EAT."
READ MATTHEW 15:32-39.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER is an amazing character. As a musician, he is one of the greatest exponents of Bach. As a scholar, he might have had any position the universities could offer. As a theologian, his writings are authoritative. Yet he flung all these things aside. His ambition was to follow Livingstone. Therefore he studied medicine. Then he went to Africa to show his love to Christ. How much do we really care?

Help us to express our love to Thee, O divine Redeemer, not in fulsome word, but in daily deed, that we may share Thy travail. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 7

BOOKS AND—THE BOOK
"THE HOLY SCRIPTURES WHICH MAKE THEE WISE."
READ PSALM 119:121-128.

WE HAVE not time to read, much less to think! Yet we manage to wade through our newspapers and magazines, together with the latest "best sellers." That is commendable—up to a point. We must keep abreast of the times. But we must also keep abreast of eternity. The present is important; the future immeasurably more so. Therefore, no matter how many books we read, let us not neglect the Book. Make time every day for the Book of books.

For Thy divine revelation of Thyself, Thy Son, Thy love for us, we bless Thee. Give us the desire to know it better. Through Christ, Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 8

THE CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS
"NOT TO ME ONLY."
READ II TIMOTHY 4:1-8.

THE saintly Andrew Bonar visited merica only once. When he was re-rning home, the city of New York ve him a farewell. Several eulogistic ddresses were delivered, and one man marked, "Think of the 'crown of ghteousness' laid up for Andrew onar, 'Which the Lord, the righteous dge,' shall give him 'at that day.'" ndrew Bonar, with his shock of white air, walked afterwards to the pulpit nd completed that word from Paul's tter, "And not to me only, but unto l them also that love his appearing." Unto all them"? That includes us. ourage! Let us bear the cross. It ads to the crown.

By the thought of future blessedness, spire us for present battling, until the own be won. For Christ's sake, Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 9

THE ENDURING PRESENCE
"I AM WITH THEE."
READ MATTHEW 28:16-20.

MATTHEW ARNOLD tells of a inister, working in the slums. The ays were hot and sultry. The good an looked exhausted. Then the poet sked him, "Ill and o'erworked, how re you in this scene?" "Bravely," id he, "for of late I have been much neered with thought of Christ, the ving bread." Great is it to recall that here is nothing that can separate us rom the love of Christ. Every day, He hares our tasks. He enters into our terests and pursuits. Our trials are is concern. What a Friend we have Jesus.

By the grace Thou hast made ours, e pray Thee help us to feel Thy resence, and so be strong. For Thy ame's sake, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10

ON TRIAL
LET US SEARCH AND TRY OUR WAYS."
READ PSALM 139:17-24.

PRONE to judge others, do we ever dge ourselves? R. L. Stevenson once rote, "Morals are a personal affair. . . . My magistracy of myself is an inde-easible charge. . . . Myself, seated on he judicial bench—yes, and a sorry nding." It is good sometimes to turn rom the world's standards, and com-are our life, character and work, with hose of the Christ. "Deep in the hambers of my soul, there is a judge's ench where I must stand, without retense, and through the voice of onscience find true penitence."

Pardon our blindness of soul by which pride and unbelief are permitted to spoil our lives. Readjust us to Thy standards, through Thy mercy. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 11

THE JOYOUS HEART
"A MERRY HEART
MAKETH A CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE."
READ PHILIPPIANS 4:1-7.

CURIOUS, is it not? We believe that we are reconciled to God—forgiven, accepted, blessed. Yet most of us are far more doleful, far less mirthful, than the unregenerate. That is both a pity and a mistake. How shall we commend Christ that way? We had a college friend who is now a missionary in Madagascar. He found it almost impossible to gather the villagers together. But he had a portable phonograph. He would put on one of Harry Lauder's records, and although the song was unintelligible, his merry, rollicking laughter brought them tumbling out of their huts. And then our friend preached Christ.

Fill our hearts with true rejoicing that we may bring honor to our Saviour's redemptive work. For His love's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 12

THE CONQUEST OF FEAR
"THOU SHALT NOT BE AFRAID."
READ PSALM 112.

IF WE worry about the future, if our minds are heavy with apprehensiveness and misgiving, is it not proof that our faith in God is small? If we fully believed and wholly trusted, such a state would be impossible. Old Benjamin Franklin declared: "The longer I live the more convincing proofs I see that God governs the affairs of men, and if a sparrow cannot fall without His notice, is it probable that an Empire (such as ours) can rise without His assistance?" Then it must be all right. The Eternal God, in whom our fathers trusted in the past, is sufficient guarantee for both the present and the future.

Lord, increase our faith. Lead us nearer to Thyself, that in Thy presence our hearts may be confident. For Thy mercy's sake, Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 13

THE BENEFICENT SHADOW
"UNDER HIS WINGS SHALT THOU TRUST."
READ PSALM 91.

LIFE is made up of light and shade, sunshine and shadow. We love the sunlight, but the shadow may also prove a blessing. A legend tells of a traveler, trudging beneath the hot sun. A cloud obscured it, and he sighed with relief. A sick child tossed upon her bed in a crowded tenement. The sun was blistering, but a shadow passed over its face, a cool breeze sprang up, and the little one slept. A slave toiled at his task. He was ready to die when the shadow came over the sky, and he breathed again. So the gracious Father permits the clouds of reverse and trial sometimes to cover the sun. Yet He abides faithful. Rejoice!

O God, who art ever mindful of Thy children, give us a simple faith in Thy goodness. Through Christ, Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 14

OTHERS FOLLOW
"BE THOU AN EXAMPLE."
READ MATTHEW 5:13-20.

WE SOMETIMES think we do not count greatly in the world. But look how our example makes it either harder or easier for other people to do right. Nowhere is this plainer than in Sabbath observance. What we do, others will be moved to do, whether it be right or wrong. An unknown poet puts it: When you are lying late in bed on God's appointed day; when you forsake assembling in Christ's appointed way; remember there is someone else will sleep and drive out, too; you cannot get away from it—someone will follow you." And what kind of men and women will our children be? Remember, others follow us.

Help us, O Father, because we are debtors to those who went before us, that we may not dissipate our heritage. For Christ's sake, Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 15

POWER
"YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER."
READ ACTS 1:1-9.

MAN has always been in quest of power. He has harnessed Niagara to his use. He has hitched his wagon to a star. In the spiritual realm, there is power for the asking. But we must obey its conditions:

P rayer brings us into line with God,
O bedience to His commands,
W illingness to do His will,
E nthusiastic response,
R esolve to magnify His name.

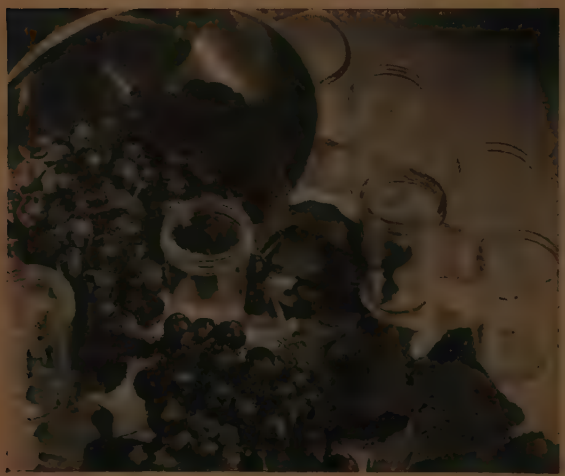
There we have the secret of those mighty forces which Christ has made available for those who are willing to do His will.

Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this heart of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive, Amen.

(Continued on page 44)

Left to right: cardamon seeds, blades of mace, whole allspice. One or two blades of mace, finely chopped; two or three crushed cardamon seeds; or crushed whole allspice added to jelly brings pleasant results

Spice puts adventure into the jelly dish



The haunting flavor of thyme is a graceful complement to jelly made of ripe grapes

Perfuming JELLY

with Herbs and Spice and Everything Nice

By

CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

THIS is no year to waste nature's offerings. Europe faces famine. Hunger is the daily lot of millions abroad, even at home. To waste at such a time is a wicked thing.

Elderberries grow by the roadside, their flat pancake blooms waft a sweet perfume. Soon blossoms are green berries, the berries slowly shade to red, to glittering black. Black beads for the elder jelly.

Robins gossip in the cherry trees. Women talk of many things, pitting cherries on the back doorstep. "Spice is nice," they all agree. But it takes knowing. It takes sniffing and tasting to know which spice goes best with which fruit. Sour cherries do their best with mace. One blade will do. Never spice with a heavy hand. Always add a little less than you think you need.

Bumblebees drone their praise over the ripening blackberries. Women say the berries are extra large this year. In gloves and old clothes they gather the harvest from the briar patch. Blackberries run wild in many sections and these have a sweetness charged with a bitter zest delightful in the jelly pot. Let cardamon seeds add new virtues to this jelly. Gooseberries in the back pasture are easily picked from a horse's back. Grapes are ripening, ebony skinned. Blueberries are heavy and ready to drum into the picker's pail.

We must not waste the summer's harvest. This year women will can and jam and jell, doing their bit to feed the world. Make one shelf of jelly to give. Few churches this year will omit bazaars for the Red Cross. Those delicate jellies will not travel oversea to feed the Belgians, the Finns or the Poles, but the profit of their sale given to the Red Cross would buy medical aid, warm clothes.

"We shall not waste," American women are saying as they gather the purple plums, the pears, the raspberries. For that very reason they are making jelly with commercial pectin—to make the most of the fruit. Thirty seconds is the boiling time for jellies, a minute or so for jams. Pectin added recipes give half again more glasses per batch. The true flavor of the fruit has no chance to boil away.

Spice is nice, the jelly makers say, and so are herbs. Odd jellies sell the best. But if you would adventure have a care in using herbs and spice. It's no compliment to your culinary abilities when cinnamon hides the natural goodness of the fruit. Yet when a spice subtly mingles with the fruit itself, teasing the memory, not rousing it to fury, then your jelly is superb.

Such spice favorites as cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg are always suitable for jellies and jams. If you would be original use a blade of mace. Chop it fine, tie into a little cheesecloth bag and cook with the jelly juice. Remove before pouring. The fresh fragrance of mace is especially cordial to the cherry family. Here is a recipe for delicious spiced cherry jelly.

SPICED SOUR CHERRY JELLY

(makes about 10 medium glasses)

3½ cups cherry juice
7 cups sugar
1 blade of mace, chopped fine; or ½ to 1 teaspoon powdered mace
1 bottle fruit pectin

Little jars of jam and jelly are waiting the autumn and the church bazaar

To prepare the juice, stem and crush about 3 pounds of fully ripe cherries. Do not pit. Add ½ cup water, bring to a boil. Cover, and simmer 10 minutes. Place the fruit in a jelly cloth, or bag, and squeeze out the juice. Add 1 blade of mace, chopped fine, and tied in a cheesecloth bag—or powdered mace to taste.

Now measure the sugar and juice into a large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over the hottest fire, and at once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard exactly one half minute. Remove from the fire. Remove the spice bag. Skim the jelly and pour quickly. Paraffin at once.

Mace is the fleshy growth found between the nutmeg shell and its outer husk. Perhaps it's merely imagination, but we think the orange-red blades have a slightly different flavor from the more familiar powdered spice. Certainly it's fun to chop the stiff little spray for jelly—and no one could blame you for stealing just a tiny piece to chew while the fruit is coming to that half-minute boil.

Interesting spice is cardamon seed, the same one grandmother nibbled in church when she was a little girl! Cardamon is grown in the Malay Archipelago, India, Ceylon, and such faraway places. The tiny brown seeds are encased in a pod which varies from one-fourth to one inch in length. Cardamon is purchased in the drug store, and is rather costly—just a few seeds for about fifteen cents—but a single pod is quite enough to flavor a batch of jelly.

Spice authorities discovered recently that cardamon with grape is a lovely thing. We recommend it highly for ripe blackberry jelly and here's the recipe.

SPICED BLACKBERRY JELLY
(makes about 7 medium glasses)

3 cups blackberry juice
4 cups sugar
2 cardamon seeds, crushed
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare the juice, grind or crush thoroughly about two quarts of fully ripe blackberries (not black caps). Place the fruit in a jelly cloth, or bag, and squeeze out the juice. (If there is a slight shortage of juice, add a small amount of water to pulp in the jelly cloth and squeeze again.) Add two cardamon seeds, crushed, tied into a cheesecloth bag, to the fruit mixture. Measure the sugar into a dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure the juice into a three to four quart saucepan. Place over the hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, stirring constantly. Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard exactly one half minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin the hot jelly at once.

Ginger is versatile, for it comes in several forms. There is the powdered, also the fresh root, and the crystallized. Each has its place in the world of cookery—but do be careful with ginger, unless you're particularly fond of strong mixtures!

Cracked ginger—the root—is splendid for conserves. Crystallized ginger is our favorite for jams, especially for pears. (Cut it in thin pieces, and add with the sugar). Bland fruit jelly's flavor is vastly improved by the addition of from one-fourth to one teaspoonful of the powdered spice.

GINGER PEAR JAM

4 cups (2 pounds) prepared fruit
½ to 1 cup diced crystallized ginger
7¼ cups (3¼ pounds) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, peel, core and crush completely or grind about 3 pounds fully ripe pears. Dice about ½ pound crystallized ginger. Measure sugar and prepared fruit, solidly packed, into large kettle. Add ginger, mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 11 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

Anise is one of those spices people love or loathe—there's no half-way feeling about it. If you're fond of licorice, by all means add a little, just a little anise to the next batch of applesauce. If you like it in the sauce, it's safe to add a half teaspoonful to apple jelly for something really different. A suspicion of this spice in currant jelly flavors through with good results. The Spanish or Mexican anise is the type to be used with fruits.

Allspice is the jellymaker's delight. This strange little pea-sized fruit of a West Indian tree has a flavor that resembles a blend of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves. In fact, many people think the little box of powdered allspice is a blend. No, it's a single fruit. The whole spice, which looks like black pepper seeds, can be crushed and cooked with jelly juice, or, if you prefer, use the powdered form. Allspice and cloves are especially nice in grape and plum jam.

Next time you're making any kind of fruit butter, add a pinch of cayenne pepper. This blends all the ingredients together, and adds just a suggestion of warmth to the spread. Warning: make the pinch a very little one, for this spice has red-hot temper.

SPICED BLUEBERRY JAM

4½ cups (2¼ pounds) prepared fruit
7 cups (3 pounds) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, crush or grind about 2 pounds of fully ripe blueberries. Add 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves and allspice, or any desired combination of spices. Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Skim; pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 12 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

Introduce your jellies to the stylish herb family. With herbs as with spices concentrate on delicacy of flavor. For subtle flavoring put a single sprig or leaf of a chosen herb into the bottom of each clean jelly glass. Pour the jelly as usual and the leaf rises to the top of the jelly. Remove the herb or leave it in, covering with paraffin.

It is safe to put aside just one glass of each batch of jelly for experimentation. Add the herb, let the jelly set. Now taste. If the combination of flavors is exactly right, wistful and appealing, make a fresh batch and add an herb to every glass.

Crisp green peppermint adds coolness to jellies. Crabapple is better for a touch of mint. Add it to currant jelly for a flavor treat. Combine it with strawberries once in a while. Marjoram is a flavor congenial with ripe elderberries; add one sprig to each glass.

ELDERBERRY JELLY
(makes about 10 medium glasses)

3 cups of elderberry juice
¼ cup lemon juice
7½ cups sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare the juice, remove larger stems from about four pounds of fully ripe berries; place in kettle and crush. Heat gently until juice starts to flow, then simmer, covered, for 15 minutes.

(Continued on page 53)

THE PRINCIPLE OF TRAGEDY

A Sermon by

OSCAR F. BLACKWELDER

★

WHERE do droughts and floods fit into a world created and sustained by One we call Father? How does a cyclone or a tornado belong in a world presided over by a God of love? There are physical explanations, of course, but the artistic, human, moral, spiritual sense of man is not satisfied with physical explanations alone. Something eternal must be getting done in our difficult world. To try to find out what is going on and share in it is life.

The Creator's commission to man seems to have included a challenge to the human family to overcome the cruelties of nature that do so much to make this world difficult. So man has built dikes to hold back the cruelties of the floods. Through irrigation the cruelty of the desert has been made to blossom like the rose. Giant ocean liners have conquered much of the cruelties of the seas. Science has gone far in conquering the cruelties of disease.

Yet this world was never intended to be a place where one cannot fail, where physical and financial security are guaranteed. Unless there is the possibility of failure, there can be no personal growth; were there not possibility of loss, there can be no moral choice; remove the possibility of tragedy and there can be no spiritual awareness. Written into the structure of the world is what I am calling "The Principle of Tragedy," because this life of ours has moral significance. By this principle I mean there is a power working in men and things which can break a man's life, defeat him, make a tragedy out of him. Let us call it sin in human nature and cruelty in physical nature—both enter into a working principle that no social setting ever can be expected fully to control.

Will you consider, in the first place, that this principle of tragedy is observable in and illustrated by the fact that every normal life sooner or later has crosses to bear, frequently in the form of permanent handicaps, burdens that often appear very unfair.

There are, for example, the crosses that come to a man as the result of poor judgment in assuming unintelligent risks, poor moral insights in violating the best conscience of society, forgetting that we reap more than we sow. These we might call man's *unnecessary* crosses.

Then there are those crosses that come to every life more or less severely because we live in an imperfect world. These crosses are caused by the limitation of environment, they are the outcome of human friction and the presence of evil in life. These crosses may come to us after we have done our best and have achieved considerable personal excellence. They are the natural result of life's experiences, for they arise out of situations over which the average man has little or no control. They are physical, like tornadoes, and personal, like unemployment. These we might call man's *inevitable* crosses.

Because of such unnecessary and inevitable crosses a man who believes he owes anything to the world beside pulling his own weight finds himself choosing a third kind of cross—life's *voluntary* crosses. Thoughts like these have moved his conscience, "Bear ye one another's burdens" . . . . "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak" . . . . "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." In this kind of world a man with no crosses is missing life altogether. So this principle of tragedy in men and things is illustrated by the fact that every normal life earlier or later must bear its crosses.

But what are we going to do with these crosses which most of us recognize as old acquaintances? There are at least three possible answers.

The first attitude toward life's crosses is to try to *resist* them. This may take the form of direct opposition, which is rebellion. Or it may be passive resistance, which means to bear with them.

A second attitude is to try to *ignore* them. This may mean pure indifference, the shrug of the shoulder, which, of course, is only postponing the inevitable. Trying to ignore crosses may also take the form of rationalizing to the point of denying that crosses exist at all.

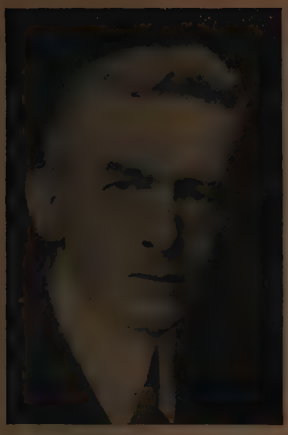
We may try to resist or ignore but the third attitude is the way of Jesus and that is to *use crosses as keys to the abundant life.* Two of his most widely quoted sayings illustrate, I believe, His teaching. Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." He also said, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow after Me." In other words, Jesus is saying that abundant living and crosses go together. How does that make sense? He recognized that capacity for enjoying life and capacity for suffering are the same capacity. How we handle suffering, therefore, increases or decreases our capacity for life itself.

Other religious teachers do not face these facts. They seem to draw back from the fullness of life in order to escape its pain. They teach that the happy or blessed life is one that does not suffer. Even the general mind of the Old Testament was that when a righteous man suffered it was "in spite of his righteousness." Jesus teaches that a man suffers "because of his righteousness," that the more fully he develops his capacity for enjoying life, that is, the more he practices righteousness, the greater is his capacity for suffering. Thus Jesus could promise, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

So, our lives have crosses. What are we going to do with them? Don't resist. Don't rebel. Don't try to ignore. Face facts. Be a realist. The way of Christ is to use our crosses as stepping stones, as instruments of self-discipline, as methods of moral maturity, as the spiritual way of developing capacity for the abundant life.

But there must follow a third inquiry. We have seen what Jesus taught, but what did He actually do with His own crosses? Peter says, "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an *example.* . . . Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not." And on the greatest Cross He ever bore, maybe as they were putting it into the ground and His flesh was in greatest agony, He prayed, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." At least we can follow afar off.

Many great souls are turning beds of affliction into mounts of transfiguration. That's following His example. Some of the world's greatest poetry is only the *(Continued on page 55)*



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HARRY LESLIE WALKER, *Vice-President*
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More Stately Mansions

AN ARTICLE TELLING ABOUT A NEW ORGANIZATION OF ARCHITECTS, FORMED TO PROMOTE BETTER CHURCH DESIGN

By Paul Maynard

THOSE of you who have been readers of *Christian Herald* for ten years or more know how diligently *Christian Herald* has urged the erection of more suitable church buildings. In the course of this campaign to improve church architecture, we have become acquainted with the work of many architects—particularly those who have designed churches.

Not only have we inspected hundreds of churches, but also we have looked at thousands of pictures and plans of churches. We have most reluctantly come to the conclusion that there are only a few architects in the whole country who really know how to plan and design a church. There are whole sections, let alone states, which (as far as we know) do not boast one architect whom we would dare to employ if we were going to spend as much as $15,000 on a church building.

Although an essay could be written on the reasons for this condition, we will pass lightly over them. We have no doubt that many architects would disagree with our contention. They would say that any well-trained architect should be able to design a satisfactory church edifice. Unfortunately, although this may be true theoretically, actually it is tragically untrue. Neither space nor the amenities permits the publication of the long list of churches built in the past twenty years, some of them designed by architects of excellent reputation in other fields, that have been failures in design and planning as well as in traditional character and ecclesiastical good taste. Many of the congregations are staggering under a debt which more experience on the part of the architect could have avoided. And the sad part of all this is that there is no legitimate reason for it.

In some fields, money makes a difference. The great medical specialist gets a larger fee than the family doctor. Celebrated writers command more money than unknowns. The architect's fees, however, are theoretically all the same—based on a small percentage of the cost of the building. Therefore, any committee which is willing to pay the normal architectural fees can afford to employ the best talent in their section.

Confronted by this situation, *Christian Herald* called on many of the architects of recognized distinction in the ecclesiastical field and suggested that they form a "Church Architectural Guild." The purposes of this association were outlined as follows:

a. To promote excellence in church architecture and the allied arts.
b. To foster greater appreciation of the essentials of church architecture and planning on the part of the church constituency.
c. To aid church building committees in the selection of an architect.
d. To assist architects without experience in the designing of churches to a better understanding of the essentials of ecclesiastical design.
e. To foster the study of ecclesiastical architecture, particularly in technical and theological colleges.

It was suggested that charter membership in the guild be limited to architects who had already designed churches of merit, and that a membership committee be elected which would set the standards for further membership. It was not the intention of the organizers that the guild would become a little coterie of the elect, but rather a group which would take special interest in furthering the cause of fine church design.

Such an association would enable a building committee to discriminate between fine architects and fine architects who are skilled in church design. (Unlike physicians, no real architect wants to be labeled "a church architect" or a "bank architect" or any other kind of specialist.) It would place in the hands of such building committees a list of men who had proved their ability in the church field. It would give the young architect, faced with a church job, a place to turn for the expert advice he usually needs. Pride might keep him from consulting another architect, but perhaps he would ask the guild for criticism of his plans—in fact the building committee could reasonably insist on it.

We do not believe our readers are particularly interested in the processes by which the guild might achieve its ends. We do think they will be interested to learn that the plan was submitted to all the capable church architects of our knowledge and received an enthusiastic reception. Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, of the firm of Cram & Ferguson, architects of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, was elected first President and will preside at a meeting in New York June 21st, when the guild will be officially established. Harry Leslie Walker of New York, and Carlton M. Winslow of Los Angeles were chosen vice-presidents. *Christian Herald* believes this to be the greatest practical forward step in church architecture since the establishment of the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture.

(Continued on page 54)

(Continued from page 39)

TUESDAY, JULY 16

"EXCEPT HE STRIVE LAWFULLY."
READ II TIMOTHY 2:1-10.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, the Antarctic explorer, once said, "Life to me means the greatest of all games. The danger lies in treating it as a trivial game: a game to be taken lightly, and a game in which the rules do not matter much. The rules matter a great deal. . . . The chief end is to win it honorably and splendidly." Paul wrote of it as a contest where men strove.

"Run the straight race
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17

"THE CROOKED
SHALL BE MADE STRAIGHT."
READ ROMANS 8:1-10.

A NEW YORK connoisseur, whose collection of etchings was greatly admired by his friends, was puzzled. One of the leaning tower of Pisa was always crooked on the wall. No matter how often he put it right, he would find it again next day just the same. At last he taxed his colored servant with moving it. The man admitted it at once. "I must put it crooked," he protested, "to get the tower straight." How often men try to conform to the world's standards, only to find they are out of alignment with life.

Show us what Thou wouldst have us be, and help us to be conformed to Thy will, for Christ's sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 18

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."
READ LUKE 24:15-27.

LIFE is a hard battle for many. The worst factor, however, is the sense of isolation. Someone has said, "The fellow who fights the fight alone, with never a word of cheer, with never a friend his help to lend, with never a comrade near, 'tis he has need of a stalwart hand, and a heart not given to moan, he struggles for life and more than life—the fellow who fights alone." Yet Christ's promise can be taken at its face value. Pray and believe.

O Christ, leave us not, neither forsake us. For Thy mercy's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 19

"WITHOUT MURMURING AND DISPUTINGS."
READ PHILIPPIANS 2:12-18.

CAESAR gave an outdoor feast for his nobles. The weather, however, was so inclement, that he lost his temper, and bade all who had bows to shoot their arrows at the sky. Naturally, this did not cause the rain to cease. But, evidently not realizing that what goes up must come down, the arrows fell back upon the assembled guests. When we grumble and complain, we certainly reveal our lack of self-discipline and restraint. Take life as it is and be glad.

For every mercy, for all Thy providences, help us to be thankful, that we may honor Thy loving wisdom.

SATURDAY, JULY 20

"WILL A MAN ROB GOD?"
READ MALACHI 3:6-12.

A BUSINESS man, starting out for himself, drew up a partnership agreement. It contained a clause borrowed from a man of an earlier day. "Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." He opened a separate bank account, described in his books as "M.P."—my Partner—and a tenth of all his profits was paid in every month. The large sums this man later gave to religious and philanthropic agencies were drawn on this account.

Every mercy we enjoy, every gift we hold, is a trust from Thee. Help us to be both just and generous in our giving.

SUNDAY, JULY 21

"NOT EVERY ONE THAT SAYETH . . .
BUT DOETH."
READ I PETER 2:11-16.

DO WE merely advise people to do right, or show them an example? Do we just tell our children what to do to honor God's day, and to obey His commands? When the minister reproved a boy for being late at Sunday School, the boy said he had wanted to go fishing, but his father would not let him. "He said there wasn't enough bait for two."

Help us, O Lord, not only to point the way, but also to walk in it ourselves.

MONDAY, JULY 22

"FERVENT IN SPIRIT, SERVING."
READ II CORINTHIANS 1:18-24.

TO FIND a person in business or the community, who is in earnest, who is intent on rendering, as well as securing, the best, is a delight. The Apostle Paul, however, uses the word "earnest" with another meaning. When he says that God has "given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts," he means God has made a part-payment (arrabon) to make His covenant binding. The idea still prevails in Scotland. When the farmer goes to the hiring place, or "feeing fair," he gives a half-dollar to the men engaged. That is a guarantee that his bargain holds good.

In Thy condescension, O Father, Thou hast pledged Thyself to us. Help us to be as true to Thee, as Thou art to Thy people. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 23

READ ROMANS 14:1-12.

NONE of us is perfect. It is a mistake to look only for faults. The famed Navajo blankets have some imperfections in pattern and weaving. That proves their genuineness. It is the machine-made copy which shows by its regularity of pattern that it is only an imitation. Therefore, even the imperfection of people about us proves that they are genuinely human. But it proves more: God is at work in some souls which, as yet, are far from perfect.

We need Thy patience, O Father. We often try it. Therefore, help us to show a like patience with others.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24

"AS WE HAVE OPPORTUNITY."
READ GALATIANS 6:1-10.

MOST of us are filled with good intentions. We are aware of high impulses to do right, to sacrifice our own interest or pleasure to aid the common welfare. Yet often we allow the impulse to pass. The good intention never materializes. Grenville Kleiser says, "Don't tell me what you will do when you have time to spare; tell me what you did today to ease a load of care." Paul urged that life is short at best. And the only way to avoid future remorse is to use present opportunities.

O Christ, who went about doing good, help us to walk in Thy steps, and be a blessing to others.

THURSDAY, JULY 25

"GODLINESS IS PROFITABLE."
READ I TIMOTHY 4:1-8.

WE DO not always realize that faith has benefits even for practical daily living, and that the Scriptures have a bearing on the business of the world. A few years ago, an official of a leading oil company was in church. The Bible reading about the child Moses being put in an ark daubed with slime and pitch suggested something. Where there was pitch there must have been oil. They found it. And where Moses lived, there are now several oil wells. But the Bible has still richer treasure to offer us.

Help us, O Divine Lord, that our life may be always Thine, so that worship and work may both commend Thee to others. Through Thy Spirit, Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 26

"HOPE THOU IN GOD."
READ PSALM 42.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND tells of a gold mine which broke its owner's heart. He had worked it for one and a half years, sunk $100,000 in it, yet without results. Disheartened, he sold out to a company which was also on the field. They commenced where the old workings left off. They tunneled only one yard farther when they struck gold.

So often we are tempted to give up, without realizing that our labor is not in vain in the Lord. A few days' more toil, a few years of endurance, are all that is asked of us.

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and estranging you from all the others!"

Marcus shook his head and proceeded to throw another armful of rushes on the path he was making between the mules and the solid ground, ten feet beyond. Narcissa slid from her horse and, leaving him nibbling at cottonwood leaves, made her way down the bank.

"If you'll toss me the reins," she said, "I can tug at the mules to better advantage than you."

Marcus followed her suggestion, then set his shoulder to the rear of the wagon. There followed a long half hour of breathless endeavor, during which Narcissa tugged and called, while the pitiful dumb brutes trembled and fought for foothold, and Marcus lifted until blood gushed from his congested fingertips. But at last, just as dusk crept under the bank, mules and wagon drew free of the dragging mud, and Marcus pulled the dripping blankets to dry ground and threw himself, panting, beside the recumbent team.

"Marcus Whitman: exclaimed Narcissa. "Another month of this will kill you!"

Marcus wiped his dripping face on his deerskin sleeve. Without replying to his wife's comment, he asked, "Where's the camp tonight?"

"Just outside the fort. The factor, Captain Thing, has asked us missionaries in for supper. I came to tell you that. Marcus, leave the mules and wagon under the cottonwoods here tonight. The road up to the fort is so soft that it will be too much for them, tired as they are. I brought your horse back with me."

"Did you, dear? You're good to me, even if you do think I'm a fool about the wagon." He rose stiffly and began to unhitch the mules. When he had hobbled them, he followed Narcissa slowly up the bank. After a desultory attempt to scrape the mud from his clothes, he mounted and followed his wife.

The red gleam of a dozen camp fires marked the site of the camp. A single tent was visible in the murky light, and before this they halted.

"You'll find your tunic in the bed roll, Marcus. I'll get you a pail of water while you take off that mess. Do hurry, dear!"

"I suppose I ought to be thankful you don't make me wear my black broadcloth," he groaned as Narcissa returned with the water. "Whew! I feel ready for food! I wonder what we'll have? I hope the others leave a bite for us."

The others, it proved, had no opportunity to do otherwise. For Captain Thing, with true English punctilio, did not order the meal served until the Whitmans appeared. He came forward to greet them, with a manner that belonged to London, and not to this crude wilderness.

"Mrs. Whitman, I am John Thing, the factor here. And Dr. Whitman! I'm glad you have not been injured, as Mr. Spalding feared you might be. We'll sit down to dinner at once."

He bowed them to the crude bare table, with its single candle. Chairs of split logs covered with buffalo skins, a fireplace on which cottonwood logs burned, a medley of saddles and boots in dusky corners, filled a room devoid of comfort, yet which, to the missionaries, seemed almost luxurious after their terrific journey from the States.

The dinner, though served on wooden plates and tin cups, was a treat to people who for weeks had lived on dried buffalo meat and nothing else. It consisted of turnips and buffalo stew, bread fried in buffalo fat, with "trapper's butter"—the marrow drawn from buffalo bones—and tea.

"We were very grateful for the privilege

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of traveling with a Hudson's Bay Company convoy," said Narcissa, when the bustle of serving the meal had subsided. "Are the Indians here seriously hostile to Americans?"

"They are to many of the men of the American Fur Trading Company," replied Captain Thing.

"How do you account for that," inquired young Gray.

"The American Fur Trading Company has no clean-cut, sane policy for dealing with the Indians," replied the factor. "The Hudson's Bay Company has."

"We have one," declared Marcus. "It is found in the teachings of Jesus."

The Englishman shook his head. "It won't work! You see, it has been necessary for the Hudson's Bay Company to operate without an army, in a huge territory. So it has been necessary for the Company's servants to possess certain qualities. One thing all Indians fear is fearlessness. So a factor or trader must have iron nerve. He must accompany justice with sternness. For example, it's the universal custom among Indians to demand a life for a life. You must make the same demand of them. Sometimes a factor will walk into an Indian camp, shoot a known murderer and walk away, while respect holds the Indians without protest."

"How horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Spalding.

"I know," replied Thing, "but you must realize that you are going to live among a people utterly devoid of our ideas of decent conduct. Their idea of sportsmanship begins and ends with providing a scalplock on their own heads for the enemies' hand-hold. I very much fear," turning to the Doctor," that you were a fool to take women into such a situation. My suggestion is that you settle near the Green River Rendezvous."

"No," replied Marcus. "It was the Flathead Indians who sent delegates to St. Louis two years ago, asking for Christian teachers, and to the Flathead country we are going."

"There's no heading him off, Captain," complained Spalding, bitterly. "He thinks more of that old wagon than he does of his friends."

Whitman laughed. "We've certainly worn our welcome out, old lady Conestoga and I. Even Miles Goodyear went back on me today."

"Miles has reached the parting of the ways," Narcissa smiled. "He says if the wagon goes on, he stays at Fort Hall."

"And who is this possible guest of mine?" inquired Thing.

"A youngster—an orphan, sixteen, who has been helping the doctor with the wagon."

"I'd like to see him," said the factor. "A boy that age could be very useful here, if he is the sort to lend himself to discipline." He sent a servant to bring in Miles Goodyear. Shortly there appeared at the door a boy—thin, tall, towheaded, and burned to a brilliant red. He wore a tattered straw hat, a ragged coat, and old buckskin trousers. Thing looked him over, then said. "So you want to work for the Hudson's Bay Company?" He paused.

"If you do you'll have to take punishment whenever you need it," declared Thing.

"They'll make an Englishman of you, Miles," said Marcus.

"No they won't—but they'll make a rich man of me. You get to be a chief trader or a factor in this Company, they give you a share in the business. The English haven't had this camp but a little while, but I've seen more bossing and business since sunset than I saw the whole time at the Rendezvous."

Thing was obviously pleased at this compliment. "I think we shall begin thrashing you into shape for the Company tomorrow," he said.

"Whoop! I'm hired!" shouted the boy.

"Well," said Marcus, "it is time for bed. With all respect for Captain Thing and his opinions, I shall take Jennie and

Jewell and the old wagon westward with me, tomorrow."

Captain Thing leaned toward Marcus, his eyes like blue steel.

"Doctor Whitman, I forbid you to go to the Columbia. You must turn southward from here, to California."

There was a moment's silence, then Marcus' great voice spoke, calmly but with an edge. "So! I see now why you furnished us an escort! But you forget yourself, sir! This territory is not British. It is held by joint treaty between our two countries. We have every right that you have to settle here."

"We have the rights that come with prior occupation, sir! Who is it that has brought a semblance of government and order to this Oregon country but the Hudson's Bay Company? And do you realize that, except for Jason Lee's pitiful little mission on the Willamette, the United States has not so much as a ragged shirt to represent its interests in Oregon?"

"We were informed before we left the United States of the conditions here, sir. We are leaving tomorrow morning for the Columbia River."

"I cannot hold you prisoners, of course. But I can, and shall—by Jove! Listen to that!"

Faintly through the door came the sounds of instruments that the Americans had never heard, but which Captain Thing knew were bagpipes. "Malcolm!" he shouted. "Fire seven rounds! It's the Governor, here a month before his time. Now, my friends, we shall settle this matter as it should be settled. The Governor of Rupert's Land has arrived." He hurried out, followed by young Miles.

"The Governor of Rupert's Land must be something like a king," grinned Marcus. "Do we kiss his hand, I wonder?"

"I bet I don't!" asserted Gray. "But what's back of it—what's it all about?"

"British impertinence," declared Spalding.

"He's not impertinent," said Narcissa. "He's very much worried about us."

"He may well be," agreed Marcus, grimly.

A moment later Governor Simpson appeared in the doorway. As has been said, he was not a tall man, nor a handsome one. Yet as he stood, his broadcloth cape thrown back, gray beaver hat in his hand, there was that in the lift of his chin and the gleam of his eye that caused the Americans, even Gray, to come to their feet. John Leslie and Captain Thing followed him into the room.

"Your Excellency," said Thing, "this is a company of Protestant missionaries who desire to settle on the Columbia." He presented the members of the group.

"You must be very tired, sir," said Narcissa. "If Captain Thing will excuse us, we will withdraw and leave you to your supper. We plan an early start and will say goodbye."

"Pray don't!" exclaimed Simpson, giving Narcissa his peculiarly winsome smile. "I dined before sunset, and am not at all tired. Just in the mood for a chat before Captain Thing's fireplace. Ladies are an enormous novelty to us poor travelers of the wilderness."

Narcissa eyed Simpson speculatively. "If ladies are rare in your life, sir, so are Governors in ours. Perhaps we might profitably explain ourselves to each other." She moved deliberately across the room and seated herself.

"If explanations are in order," said Marcus, "I must be here to take the part of old lady Conestoga."

"Old lady Conestoga," asked the Governor, seating himself where he watched the fire and candle light on Narcissa's face. She, he told himself, would be the brains and the diplomatist of the group.

"My old wagon," explained Marcus. "I had a lot of trouble coming across the plains with that old prairie schooner!"

"You did well, Dr. Whitman!" exclaimed Simpson. "I can imagine your struggles."

"Perhaps you can imagine, too, my husband's feelings when Captain Thing tried to persuade him that it's impossible for him to take the wagon further. 'Old lady Conestoga' is the apple of his eye." said Narcissa.

"Is she, indeed? And you show no jealousy, Madam?"

"Impatience, perhaps," replied Narcissa, "but not jealousy. And I really am a little ashamed of the impatience, when I apprehend the Doctor's dreams."

"His dreams?"

"Yes—his dream of settlers coming into this country, and the more important dream of converting savages to Christianity. I shall use every effort to help him realize both dreams."

Simpson discerned the throwing down of the gauntlet with a certain feeling of relief. He was trembling with weariness after the terrible trip up the Snake River, and his desire for fencing tonight was not keen. He would have put over the conversation till next day, had not Captain Thing replied to his hurried question in the stockade by saying that the missionaries were determined to go out at dawn. He had been utterly unprepared to find in the missionary group a woman of Narcissa Whitman's kind.

"Perhaps you'd not mind telling me what means you have of support in the wilderness?" he asked suddenly. "Do you hope to draw on the Hudson's Bay Company's posts for supplies?"

"We are sent out," explained Marcus, "by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which already has a thriving mission in the Sandwich Islands. We plan, if necessary, to get staples from there. We shall grow our own grains, vegetables, and meat."

"And—pardon me for being personal—do you feel that Mrs. Whitman will make a success of such a life?"

"Of course she will!" put in Gray. "Doctor and I both admit that she is the brains of the expedition."

"Nonsense!" protested Narcissa. "Marcus is that. I'm merely a strolling minstrel—thus far in the adventure at least."

"Adventure?" queried the Governor. "Is it an adventure to you?"

"Yes! An adventure after God! A Pilgrim's Progress that ends—" she hesitated, her eyes on the fire.

"Yes? In what does it end, my dear Madam Whitman?" Simpson was bending toward her.

She gave him a full look from her fine eyes. "In peace!" she said.

Captain Thing now said suddenly:

"If you do go on tomorrow, do you realize that it must be without escort?"

"Yes," replied young Gray, "but that doesn't worry us."

"You have the valor of ignorance," said Simpson, scornfully. "Madam Whitman, Doctor—I will make a suggestion. Come into the Hudson's Bay Company. Establish a school for us at Fort Vancouver. Life at the fort, where Dr. McLoughlin lives, will be vastly congenial to Madam Whitman. There will be unlimited opportunities to make money and to win advancement."

"No," said Narcissa firmly. "We are going on."

"You are aware, Madam, that the Company will lose money if this section ceases to be preserved for fur-producing purposes? We will do all in our power to keep settlers away from the Columbia."

"But we have been directed by the American Board," objected Marcus, impatiently, "to work among the Indians of Oregon, whither we are going. Captain Thing, I would like to purchase four horses from you, and a month's supply of flour, sugar and tea."

It was the Governor who replied. "I am sorry, Dr. Whitman, but unless you agree to turn south, the Hudson's Bay Company cannot sell you anything."

The Doctor flushed angrily. "After this evening, I am not surprised."

Narcissa rose. "Well, Marcus, since we are to travel without food supplies, it behooves us to get to sleep early and conserve our strength."

To their surprise, Simpson made no objection to their departure. But when he had finished bowing Narcissa out the door, he said abruptly to Thing:

"What are their supplies?"

"Practically nothing, sir. They lived on jerked buffalo meat all the way from the Rendezvous."

"And their horses?"

"In frightful condition, sir."

Governor Simpson dropped wearily into his chair and for a long time stared into the fire. Finally he said:

"That's a beautiful woman, and a fine one, too. She may have influence over the other missionaries to get them to start off without supplies. So even their scarecrow horses must be lost for a day or two. It's a scurvy trick, I know—but I must have time to work on her. These Whitmans are precisely the sort of people we must not have in Oregon. If I can have two more years before the Americans find a trail across the Rockies, I can save this whole territory for England. But those two years, I must have, *at any cost.*" He sighed deeply. "What sort of a doctor is Whitman, Captain Thing?"

"He's an accredited physician, sir. Left a good practice, I understand, for this missionary work."

"Well, we have them safely delayed for a day or two, at any rate," sighed the Governor. "I'd like to retire, Thing, and give a night's sleep to the problem."

(To be continued)

Note: This story is an abridged version of Mrs. Morrow's novel published under the title, "We Must March." It is reproduced in Christian Herald through an arrangement with her publishers, William Morrow & Co.

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(Continued from page 21)

but there was no sign of the logs. Down Walnut Creek a short distance they came to a clear little brook, which rippled out of the mouth of a large cave at the foot of the limestone bluff and flowed into the main creek, fifty yards away.

"Cave Creek, they call it," said Mark. "Maybe we'll find the missing logs in the cave."

But they did not, although a wide opening, where the wall had crumbled away on the far side of the cave, toward the river, made it light enough inside to see easily. The brook flowed from a spring in the center of the cave floor, but elsewhere there were only rough stones and crevices. They found they could easily climb through the twenty-foot opening; they came out into a little valley, at the foot of a steep hill; it sloped down to the river—swollen slightly by the recent rains —some two hundred yards away.

A gaunt, black-browed, scowling man, clad in faded overalls, stalked toward them menacingly.

"This is my land—keep off!"

"Don't be too sure it is your land, Hatcher—you are Mal Hatcher, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm Hatcher—and I know who you are; you're Mark Brent, and I don't want no dealin's with any Brent. So keep off my land."

"This may be your land this side of the ridge, Hatcher, but the walnut trees on the other side are not yours. And I'm telling you, Hatcher—let those trees alone or you'll have trouble—plenty."

They left him glaring at them more threateningly than ever from under his heavy black brows.

Since it was only one o'clock when dinner was over, Mark and his friend decided to walk up to the store, only a few hundred yards up the creek, in the opposite direction.

There was just a small frame store, and a big, barn-like structure which, they guessed, would be a boarding house for the hands when the mill started up. The mill, however, was a huge one; and a large stone dam had been built across the creek. It was now nearly full. And, to their relieved surprise, there was a telephone in the store.

The merchant—who, they found, was also postmaster and phone operator—was an elderly man of decidedly Teutonic appearance, extremely friendly and obliging. He shook Mark's hand warmly.

"Mr. Brent? I heard you were here. I'm proud to know you. I'm Buehler. I knew your father when he was a poy."

"Yes, I've often heard Father speak of you, Mr. Buehler. He thought a lot of you."

The old fellow beamed and shook Mark's hand again. "I am American—I would fight for this country. I am not like dot fellow over there," indicating a stout, bull-necked man, also of decided Teutonic appearance, who was talking to another man over near the entrance of the mill. "He is bad—he is the kind that gives Chermans a bad name."

"Who is he, Mr. Buehler?"

"He says he is a timber buyer, from Nashville, named Schott. But he is up to some mischief. I tell dot Mal Hatcher to watch him, but Hatcher don't listen to me."

At that Mandy looked up suddenly.

"A timber man, named Schott? There's no such man in that business in Nashville—I know them all. Say, that fellow looks familiar—I've seen him. Can you put in a long distance call to Nashville for me?"

Mandy talked for several minutes, then came out, somewhat excited.

"If that fellow Schott is a timber buyer, I'm a Chinese laundryman," he declared. "Know what my partner told me? Schott is a Nazi sympathizer, and has been trying to organize a Bund down home."

"He'd better not try it up here," asserted Mark. "It would be unhealthy. These people are *Americans*."

"Come to think of it, notice his brown shirt and khaki pants? Say, could it be him that's buying the trees from Hatcher —or trying to?"

"Might be, though I can't believe even Hatcher would sell to him if he knew what the man is doing. What do you suppose Schott wants with the trees?"

"Man, use your head. Schott is a Nazi. Walnut means money—his profit on that grove would be big—and American dollars are precious in Nazi Germany now. Get the idea?"

"I believe you've got it, Mandy. Well, I have to scotch that gentleman, somehow. I can go down to Bethesda, and try for a court injunction from the judge there to stop him, though I'd feel a lot surer if I could find that will. Hatcher must have it—so we'll work on Hatcher."

"How'd he come to know about it?"

"Shucks, everybody up here knows everything that happens—I bet they've heard about that will all over the county."

"Ellie says that Hatcher has been seen hobnobbing a lot with a German-looking fellow, a stranger," Sid told them when they got back to camp.

"Friend Schott?" inquired Mandy.

"Probably," said Mark. "And that confirms what we already suspected. Hatcher and Schott are in this together."

It rained again all that night, and was still pouring when morning came, so that they kept pretty close in camp all morning, though Sid managed to pass most of the time with Ellie, up at the house. He reported, later, that the river was rising, though not at all in flood yet, and had backed the water up Walnut Creek almost to the mouth of Cave Creek. After noon, however, the sky cleared, so that the two men decided to visit the store again, to pick up any mail that may have been forwarded to them.

It was getting well along in the afternoon when they started back. Half way to their camp they met a boat load—six or seven men—coming up toward the dam. One of them was Schott; and at some remark he made, the whole crew turned their heads and stared at Mark and Mandy with insolent hostility.

"Did you notice that bunch giving us the optical perusal?" muttered Mandy. "Every one was dressed like Schott—brown shirts and khaki pants. The Bund uniform, except the cap."

"Yes, I noticed. But why bring Bundists up here to fell the trees, when this county is full of experienced loggers? More and more something seems fishy about the whole business."

(Turn to page 50)

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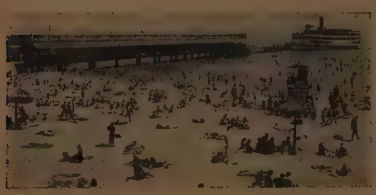

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(Continued from page 48)

More rain that night, and next morning the creek was booming. Feeling a sense of things impending, Mark crossed the ridge, determined to have it out with Hatcher. The back water, they saw, had reached the mouth of Cave Creek, now, and almost stopped its flow. By circling around the cave, however, they were able to pass dry-shod. Across the ridge they became aware of several brown-shirted men—apparently the same they had met up the creek the day before—busy putting up tents and unloading bedding and tools.

Schott, arrogant and contemptuous, strode toward Mark.

"Mr. Brent? I warn you—" there was a suggestion of German accent in his voice—"not to attempt any interference with my plans."

"You talk like Hitler. What plans?"

"I've arranged to purchase all this walnut timber from Mr. Hatcher, and—"

"It's not Hatcher's to sell. The owner's will disposes of it otherwise."

"Can you produce that will—not that it matters—"

Mark turned on him, his firm jaw set. "Now I want to warn *you* Schott. I'll have a court injunction up here tomorrow, and the sheriff will post deputies on this tract to see that your crowd of Nazis don't cut any more trees."

Schott glared at him and sputtered apoplectically.

"Just bear that in mind. Now I'm going to settle with Hatcher."

But when they came to Hatcher's house, following a path along the other side of the valley, and up a low hill, their man was not at home. Shoved under the little back porch, however, they spied a small brassbound leather trunk, very old—Vinie's trunk!

"So it was Hatcher, after all," exclaimed Mark. "First time I ever knew a Hatcher to do a trick like that. Well, Flora gave me the key, so I'm going to see what's in it."

First Mark prized open a time-rusted metal box—and took out a thousand dollar bond, and six or seven hundred dollars in bills—all of the *Confederate States of America.*

"Poor old Vinie—her husband must have given her when he went away—my great-etc.-uncle was a loyal rebel, I've always heard. These bills were worth something then, too. So much for the 'long-lost treasure'. Now what? Why here's the missing will." Mark glanced through it and put it in an inside pocket.

"I'll have no trouble getting that injunction now," he said. "I admit I was a little worried about that. Say, look at this—" taking an old faded parchment from a stained brown envelope; "here's the deed to all this property, and the original grant from the government, away back in the 1840's—all made out to Mark Brent, Esq. I think that settles all disputes about title, and leaves brother Hatcher without a leg to stand on."

Exultant, he made his way back with Mandy to the camp.

But they did not get to Bethesda at once. There was another downpour that night, and in the morning Sid called them to hurry.

"Creek's overflowing, and we'll be flooded if we don't get out quick."

They dressed and packed hurriedly, and climbed into the launch. The current was so strong that Sid had all he could do to hold the boat straight. They had no more than pushed off before there came a tremendous explosion that almost threw them into the creek.

"Heavens, what a clap of thunder!" exclaimed Mandy.

"Thunder, nothing!" cried Sid. "That was an explosion, and a big one. Somebody blew up the dam—look out!"

A mighty wall of water was rushing toward them. Sid turned on all the power he had, but they were as helpless as feathers in a whirlwind. In a few seconds they were at what had been the mouth of Cave Creek the day before—but now they saw, in consternation, that the back water had risen until it filled Cave Creek, and had reversed the current, so that a torrent of water was flowing fiercely *back, into the cave.* Sid struggled with the wheel, but he might as well have blown his breath at Niagara. In an instant the flood of water from the dam was upon them, and in another instant the launch was rushed into the cave.

"Lord, we're goners!" cried Mark. But almost before he got the words out, they flashed through the cave, and out through the opening on the other side into what had been the valley—now a raging torrent. They had a swift glimpse of brown-shirted figures scrambling madly up the hill, of tents and bedding being swept down with the flood—and in another instant they shot out into the somewhat swollen but still fairly placid Cumberland. Sid managed to get control again, and turned the launch up the river, to avoid the rush of the flood.

Then they became aware of Hatcher, on the bank, hallooing and beckoning.

"Been trying to see you, Brent," he said a little less truculently than before. "I wanted to let you know that I'm not going to let Schott have the logs."

"Good. What made you change your mind?"

"'Cause I found out what them Nazis wanted with the trees. Know what it was? They're plotting against the U. S. Government, that's what. They're scheming to seize an arms factory, and use this walnut to make rifle stocks—it makes the best, you know."

"Why, the dirty crooks!" blurted Mandy.

"So me and Schott had a row. Then early this morning, before daylight, they smashed my boat so I couldn't get up the creek nor across it on account of the water was so high. I was going to warn them at the mill that the dam was goin' to be blown up. They did that, too. They caught me listening to them last night, while they was plotting it. So they fixed me, then went up before day and set a time bomb to blow up the dam—leastways that's what they schemed to do."

"They did it all right," said Mark grimly. "But *why?*"

"'Cause that mill has a contract to supply hickory spokes and axles to a concern that makes trucks and gun carriages for the U. S. Army."

"Oh, I see! Well the scheme backfired on them. When they blew up the dam, they blew up their schemes with it—they're out in the open now—and

(Continued on page 56)

Garden Note Book

By DONALD H. KINGERY

ONE of our best friends has been calling my wife with frequency these few weeks past. I overheard them discussing a new bed of roses this neighbor had set out along in the spring. Patiently my wife would try to help her with suggestions. But finally she was stumped. She told me that I would just have to go over and take a look at that new rose bed. So one evening on my way home from down town, I did stop in.

I found that her roses were doing well enough. If there were anything wrong, it was that she had been coddling them too much. But she kept asking me questions, a dozen to the minute.

"Should I sprinkle them tonight?" she inquired, for one thing.

"No, I should say not. You should never sprinkle roses," I answered, as sternly as I could muster horrified tones. "Never sprinkle anything. Pour. Pour a bucket of water around each one, once a week, if you must water."

THIS seemingly trivial incident of my remark to this neighbor, is a fundamentally important clue to garden ways in hot and often dry July. Many gardeners do harm instead of good to their flowers and lawns and shrubs and vegetables by attempting to supply moisture by means of frequent sprinkling, be it with can or from nozzle at the end of a hose.

First, the usual light sprinkling given by the uninformed gardener usually wets merely the surface. This encourages the feeding roots to grow upward toward the surface in search of this water, second. Then a third consequence is that the ground may bake hard and these roots, near the surface, may be damaged. Then, too, sprinkling frequently aids in the spread or the growth of fungus diseases, such as rust.

So water poured gently about a plant in sufficient quantity to soak the soil thoroughly to a good depth is to be preferred.

SOME of the garden work that I'll be doing this July will be things such as these:

Dusting or spraying of the roses will be continued at intervals of a week to ten days.

A few old clumps of oriental poppies will need be moved after the leaves die down and they become dormant.

Seedlings of perennial flowers from the seed frame which did not get transplanted into rows in a nursery bed earlier, will get such a transplanting when a cloudy, cool afternoon comes after a shower.

We like to make another planting of sweet corn and wax beans this month and sow turnip seed where peas, radishes and lettuce had grown earlier.

SOME time between the middle of June and along in July, it is my usual custom to make an application of plant food to my chrysanthemums, to the annuals, to the peonies and to the roses. This is likely to be one of the standard garden plant foods with an analysis of 4-12-4 or equivalent.

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CUT OUT AND SEND TODAY!

(Continued from page 31)

tors. The Gothic auditorium is a most reverential place of worship. The magnificent pipe organ is another memorial, presented by Mr. Ralph W. Gwinn, a vice president of the Board of Trustees, in memory of his mother.

Within the grounds, the Chapel is the only public center. One wing is devoted to a library which houses loans from the residents and gifts of interesting volumes. The large reading room has a cavernous fireplace at one end, and easy chairs by the windows. Societies and classes meet there.

The outstanding event of the year is the Golden Wedding celebration held in the month of March. The anniversaries range from the fiftieth to the sixty-third year.

The chaste, austere Chapel is turned into a romantic bower. Musicians and wedding cakes arrive from Jacksonville, along with gallons of ice cream. The audience gathers from a radius of fifty miles.

The speaker of the evening is usually one of the Group members who is well acquainted with the participants. The occasion is always gay and happy and eagerly anticipated each year.

Just over the border from the Community area is the village of Penney Farms with post office, general store, filling stations, and overflow cottages, and apartments. These may be rented temporarily by those for whom there is no space in the Group square, and by anyone from month to month.

The pressure grows greater and the waiting list longer each year. Many couples who are ready to make their home in the Community, must make other arrangements for an indefinite period, because of the limited number of apartments available. A new Community House has just been dedicated in the village, which will take care of a few of the insistent needs of the place. It contains a 400-capacity auditorium, a public library, a modern electrically equipped kitchen, and a much-needed tea room; and most appreciated by the Group members, are eight rooms to take care of their guests.

But this does not shorten that discouraging waiting list of at least 200 couples. It has been the dream of Mr. Penney to double the number of cottages and apartments. The time for enlargement is here. The weight of the burden should be shifted from the shoulders of the one who has carried it during the past years.

After the generosity of Mr. Penney and the testimony of the hundreds of beneficiaries, we believe other generous-minded friends will plan to add memorials also. Individuals could provide cottages or apartments to memorialize fathers, mothers or beloved children who have gone Home. Churches could honor revered pastors. There must be room provided for many more who want to come.

The most heartbreaking lack of all is for a home which can open its doors to those who are suddenly left alone. The apartments arranged for two persons must necessarily be vacated to make way for those who are waiting. As always, a man left alone is more helpless and cannot make a real home alone. But both of the lonely ones have burned their bridges behind them, they have become accustomed to the warmth and sunshine, and o have no one to turn to, and nowhere t during their sunset days.

Something must be done for t widows and widowers.

Now, thank God, the entire proje on the eve of a forward-looking cha

Sixty years ago *Christian Herald* started with the avowed purpose of ing money for philanthropic purposes a result, it has raised more than any agency except the Red Cross. The C tian Herald Association has grown ou this as a non-profit organization. E subscriber of the magazine has a sha its philanthropies, which include the known Bowery Mission in New Y City, the Christian Herald Childr Home on the Hudson River, and the dustrial Mission in China.

And here is an epic announcem The Christian Herald Association taken over the Memorial Home C munity and it becomes now a *Chri Herald* Enterprise.

Fortunately for every interest t cerned, Mr. Penney has consented t main as president of the Board of T tees. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Presider Christian Herald Association, who been in close collaboration with Penney from the beginning, is Vice-P dent and Director. Dr. Poling, as rector of the J. C. Penney Founda made his home in Green Cove Spr during the two years of the construc of the Memorial buildings. One of avenues is named for him. Howard Moore is Secretary. Paul Maynard, V President of *Christian Herald*, is T urer. Other members of the Board A. H. Diebold, Bishop Charles W. F Roy H. Ott, Roswell K. Penney, Penney's eldest son, Earl C. Sams, W Weiss, and W. A. Willson, Howard Moore and Paul Maynard.

In assuming this new responsibility directors of the Christian Herald A ciation take great satisfaction from fact that at last they can render a service to ministers. They are delig that this great love and admiration fo clergy can take substantial tangible f They hope to build upon the founda Mr. Penney has so generously laid, greatest institution of its kind in world.

We believe there are many of our rea who may have special interest in the morial Home Community. For those may desire to make a special memorial tribution a list of the specific needs foll

Garden tool and shelter house	$ 25
Golf course shelter	25
Funds to employ ground foreman and additional care for maintenance	3,00
A registered nurse, with clinic	5,00
Electric cable and conduit	75
New electric kitchen stoves	6,00
Electric hot water heaters	6,00
Additional garage space	3,00
Community houses to care for widows and widowers, each	50,00
Additional four-apartment cottages, each	30,00

We will be grateful for any contribu to the general maintenance fund.

DANIEL A. POL

(Continued from page 41)

Place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Squeeze and strain juice from four medium lemons. Measure sugar, elderberry juice, and lemon juice into a large saucepan, and mix. Bring to a boil over the hottest fire and at once add the bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard one-half minute. Remove from the fire, skim and pour quickly. Paraffin the hot jelly at once.

RIPE GRAPE JELLY
(makes about 11 medium glasses)
5 cups juice 6½ cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare juice, stem about 3½ pounds fully ripe grapes and crush thoroughly. Add 1½ cups water, bring to a boil, and simmer, covered, 10 minutes. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure juice into a 5 to 6 quart saucepan, filling up last cup with water if necessary. Place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, stirring constantly. Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once.

(Continued from page 35)

script—which is the work of a professional writer. This script is done entirely in dialogue—the only bits of description are those which relate to the opening of a door or the ringing of a telephone bell or some other sound effect.

Radio scripts cannot be too long or too short—they must be exactly the right length. If a program lasts for fifteen minutes or for half an hour, the writer must know precisely how many pages and lines of copy he will present. Incidentally the censorship of radio is rigid to the extreme. An unwholesome book can be removed from the library table and, of necessity, burned—but radio is often a visitor who steals into your house unnoticed and cannot be ejected. Therefore no questionable situations are permitted in radio plays and no profanity is allowed.

Many members of the *Christian Herald* family are appearing on the air. Dr. Daniel A. Poling is one of the great air personalities, and William L. Stidger is another. Richard Maxwell is another, as are Stanley High and Ralph Meadowcroft.

How to get into radio—that's the next question! And like all essential questions it isn't easy to answer. There are numerous ways and means, and some of them are as easy as rolling off a log and some of them aren't. Perhaps the easiest way, if you have talent, is through the amateur hour route. Major Edward Bowes, for instance, has put any number of gifted people into radio.

Last, but not least—and this is to you who are professionals in your own line—the adage of the better mousetrap applies to radio. If you have a better and unexploited "mousetrap"—don't be too shy about it. Bring it to the attention of radio—and see what happens.

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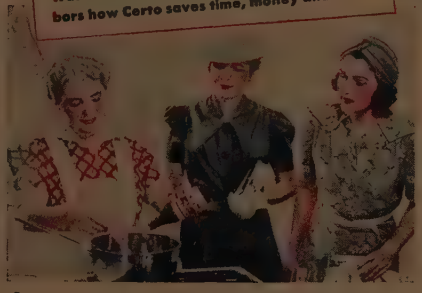

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1. **"There's no excuse for jelly failure** nowadays," says Mrs. Tillou. "With Certo, any woman can make *perfect* jelly from any fruit she sets her hand to—even hard-to-jell fruits like strawberries and pineapple.

2. **"No slaving over a hot stove—** when you use Certo! You boil your fruit mixture *only ½ minute*—and you're through in 15 minutes from the time your fruit was prepared.

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Look for the tested recipes under the label of every bottle of Certo.

(Continued from page 43)

Other comments were:

"I am much interested in some project of the sort, which will have for its object an improvement in the design of church buildings."

Harry Leslie Walker, New York,
Architect of the Bronxville Reformed Church

"I would be glad to become a charter member of the organization and feel honored that my name was considered."

Carleton M. Winslow, of
Los Angeles, California

"It seems to me that the Church Architectural Guild should be an admirable thing and should be helpful to the improvement of church architecture in the country."

Philip Hubert Frohman,
Architect of the Washington Cathedral

"I think your idea a good one if membership in it carried the assurance that the member is really qualified to handle church work in a first class manner."

Ben McMurry, of Knoxville, Tenn.

The charter members at the time of going to press are as follows:

Chester H. Aldrich and Wm. Adams Delano, of Delano & Aldrich

J. W. Allison, of Allison & Allison

Chas. I. Barber and Ben F. McMurry, of Barber & McMurry

Harold C. Bernhard, of Shreve, Lamb & Harmon

Herbert A. Brand, Arland A. Dirlam

Chas. Collens, of Allen, Collens & Willis

Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, of Cram & Ferguson

Otto R. Eggers, of Eggers & Higgins

Bruce Wenner and A. Hensel Fink, of Wenner & Fink

Philip Frohman, of Frohman, Robb & Little

Albert Humble, E. F. Jansson

H. M. King, Archibold Lamont

Fred V. Lockman, George I. Lovatt

Daniel A. Merrill, John T. Haneman

O. H. Murray, of Mayers, Murray & Phillip

Ralph H. Orr, Chas. Scheuringer

Herbert J. Powell, of Marsh, Smith & Powell

George P. Simonds, C. F. Skilling

Walter A. Taylor, A. F. Wickes

Hobart Upjohn, Harry Warren of Hobart Upjohn's office

Harold Weeks, of Wm. H. and Harold H. Weeks

Carleton M. Winslow, Vice-president, Frank R. Watson

The firms represented by these members have designed or been consultants on churches during the past ten years totaling a value of over $100,000,000. The list includes the architects of practically all the notable church construction of the past twenty years. Unfortunately, space does not permit publication of the complete list.

Mr. Carleton M. Winslow, Vice-President

It is the ideal of the Guild that some day every church building committee or every pastor, will insist upon employment of a Guild architect and that every architect desiring to secure any church work, will qualify for membership in the Guild. Such a procedure would insure for the future, beautiful, adequate and economical church buildings. Certainly every church building committee, when a project is contemplated should write for the list of Guild architects in their vicinity. Consultation costs nothing, unless travel is involved. Any guild architect will be glad to show pictures of his work, and explain how he met problems similar to the one under discussion.

Dr. Conover, as head of the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture, and a representative of *Christian Herald*, are members of the Guild by invitation of the architects. A representative of the *Journal of Religious Education* has also been invited to join. The reason for this is the desire of the architects to give the Church itself an opportunity to influence the trend of architectural thinking. Dr. Conover is constantly in touch with ministers and building committees and so can pass their opinions on to the architects of the guild. Readers who are familiar with the Interdenominational Bureau of Architects must not confuse that splendid work with the function of the Guild. The Bureau is maintained by the denominations and serves only in an advisory capacity regarding whole projects, or in a critical capacity after plans are made.

"Should we build?" "How large a church shall we build?" "Shall we sell our present site and move?" "Are our plans practical?" "What color shall we paint our Sunday School Rooms?" "What kind of a heating plant should we install?" These are among the questions this Bureau is designed to answer.

The architect deals only with the actual designing and specifications of the building and, of course, the supervision.

There will be more about the Guild in *Christian Herald* as it is a project we heartily support and indorse.

Who's an old Fogey?

• There is no excuse for the old-fashioned notion that toilet bowls must be scrubbed and scoured. This picture of a woman using Sani-Flush appeared 28 years ago. From that time to this, a simple chemical compound has kept toilets sparkling clean—without mussing or fussing.

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DR. BLACKWELDER

(Continued from page 42)

story of a great heart that has been broken but carries on and lets us hear the secret. Some of earth's grandest music is a lonely soul's search for the lost chords of life and in the searching and finding the world's soul has been set to melody. Many a man is taking a second best and making a life out of it because his first plan in youth now hangs upon the cross of a broken dream. Are you like him who said, "Many times I have felt like giving up in the struggle but the Figure of that Strange Man, hanging upon a cross, has sent me back to my task again"? That's the way to see life through to a fine finish.

I believe the principle of tragedy largely accounts for the persistence of the Cross of Christ. That is why men are not content with Jesus simply as the clue to God and the spiritual world, the most trustworthy guide into moral insights and values, only the mirror of the Eternal, the chief religious teacher and greatest of the prophets. The principle of tragedy will not let men stop there. There were three crosses on Calvary. What makes the Cross of Christ different?

For one thing, men have believed that Jesus' choice of the Cross in a world filled with crosses is God's way of saying that He suffers when, as and if man suffers, that He is not a remote spectator but that the world's struggle is His very life, that nothing can separate men from His love. The Cross above all else has encouraged men to believe the Psalmist's words, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow. . . . Thou art with me". Bethlehem, which means the entrance of the Eternal into human life and history, would have only a limited meaning unless God touches life at its most difficult point, namely, the place of tragedy. The Cross is God meeting men at that point so a man can say, "I am not alone. The Father is with me."

But if God only suffers when man suffers, that could leave man very pessimistic. God suffering? Then even eternity is a vale of tears. But notice that the Cross which assures us of the fellowship of God is *empty*. It says, He really suffers but that is not all. And the Open Tomb of Easter morning adds, He is risen. Both empty Cross and open Tomb cry out to the world's struggling heart, He has conquered tragedy. He has overcome the world.

For the Summer Quarter

The Upper Room

For the first and second quarters of 1940, more than a million copies of The Upper Room have gone into as many homes. We are now asking pastors and group leaders who use The Upper Room to aid us in keeping all homes supplied for the third quarter —July, August and September.

THE UPPER ROOM

is intended for daily use as a devotional guide the year round. Any decrease in circulation the next three months means that some who are using it the rest of the year are denied its helpful guidance and inspiration during the summer quarter.

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2. Following the same plan that so many of you do at Christmas and Easter: SEND THE JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER ISSUE BY MAIL TO FAMILIES THAT HAVE GONE AWAY OR WHO CANNOT BE REACHED AS YOU REACH THEM DURING OTHER QUARTERS.

We have blank envelopes for mailing The Upper Room which we will furnish you in quantities of 10 or more at one cent each, postpaid.

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(Continued from page 50)

they're done for." Mark paused a moment. "Say, Hatcher, you're a pretty good American after all."

"Who said I wasn't?" the man retorted, resentfully.

"O. K. There's one more thing. I found that old trunk you took."

"I didn't take it—Schott's men did, thinking that if there was a will in it they would destroy it and block you from getting hold of the trees. I found it in their tent, while they was away and took it to my house. Us Hatchers don't have no dealin's with Brents, but I don't hold for stealing and I was goin' to give it back to Flora."

"I couldn't believe you stole it, Hatcher. Well, the papers in that trunk make rather bad news for you. Vinie left the walnut to Ellie and me, as I told you—I have the will here if you want to see it. And I found the old deeds which prove the Brents did legally own the land, so your claim is out."

The dark face slowly reddened.

"Then I don't get nothing?"

"I didn't say that. You've shown yourself a pretty square man, after all, and I think you deserve something for the service you have done all of us today. Now I have a proposition to make. There's enough valuable timber here to make good money for all three—you and Ellie and myself. I propose that we split what they bring three ways. You get what help you need—I'll finance it if you need money—cut the trees, gradually so as not to bear the market, and then you can raft them down to Bethesda, or Sid can tow them down with his launch—he won't mind seeing Ellie again that often, I'm sure. They can be shipped by rail to Nashville, and I'll attend to selling them and collecting the money—and send you your share of the proceeds."

The scowling face did not change expression.

"Hatchers don't have no dealin's with Brents," he began slowly.

"Aw, forget that old foolishness—come on, let's shake hands on it." Then, as Hatcher still did not speak, "You realize what day this is? It's the Fourth of July and a good day for all Americans to stand together. And you've really done your country some service, Hatcher by showing up these crooks and traitors. So let's start our new partnership today. You get a few husky fellows to guard the property—although I don't think it will need any more guarding after this. Schott and his crowd won't bother us any more—they've probably skipped. I'll see the sheriff today in Bethesda, and also make arrangements for having the logs shipped from there on. Come on, let's work together on this."

"Well—Hatchers aint never had no dealin's with Brents—but if it's like you say—all right, I'll do it!"

"Good! This will be a red-letter Fourth for all of us." Then, "Hatcher, it's a pretty fine thing to be an American these days, isn't it?"

Something like a slow smile softened Hatcher's dark face. Suddenly he put out his hand.

"It sure is," he said. "Shake."

(Continued from page 27)

is a hospital, with doctors and nurses in attendance. Most delightful of all, there are little individual gardens, and in each a small house where the gardener may find shelter from the heat of the sun, or from rain, and have a cup of tea in the afternoon.

To reach Stockholm at any time is delightful, but to reach it for the folk festival is to see the Swedes in a mood of play. Last summer representatives of thirty nations brought their ancient national costumes and their typical folk songs and dances to Sweden. It would promote world friendship, the Swedes said. And they believed it. For a week the city was as gay as a kaleidoscope, with music and dancing in the concert and city halls, the opera house and on the grass of the parks.

Like Copenhagen, Stockholm has its royal opera. The price of admission is so low as to be within the reach of every music lover. The Swedes have the same love for good food, though they seem not to eat as continuously as do their neighbors. The coffee habit is as strong.

It is not pleasant to contemplate submarines and destroyers lurking in Norway's superbly grand fjords. Last summer there were little fishing boats and pleasure craft, yachts and mail boats. The loudest noise was the blast from the Stella's whistle to send the thousands of birds nesting on the cliffs of Bird Rock into the air.

There was the stop at Trondheim, to visit the exquisite old stone cathedral with its incomparable rose windows and its stonecutters still working in the adjoining yard, just as they worked hundreds of years ago. There was the market in the square in front of the cathedral, with its fruits and vegetables and toys, the children playing nearby. And there was the fish market, with "old salts" who finally consented to have their pictures made. There were fur stores carrying a line of fine silver fox furs from farms not far away. There were, too, open air museums, where ancient buildings had been assembled at great care and expense, buildings representing every phase in Norwegian civilization.

At Lillehammer we visited another museum. That, of course, was before Lillehammer was bombed. The view from the roof of the little hotel over the trees and into the sunset was memorable. There were pine forests, and beautiful flower gardens.

Later we visited a saeter—a summer farmhouse—high in the mountains beyond Opdal, which we visited going back to Oslo from Trondheim. Then we drove far up into the mountains. When the car could get no farther, we got out and walked for a mile, possibly for two miles. There were little houses with sod roofs. Milk cans hung outside. Cows were in the pastures. Our knock brought a woman and a young girl to the door. They welcomed us warmly, and urged us to stay overnight. They are a hospitable people.

Friendliness, hospitality, warm-hearted trust: those are the traits of the Scandinavians. Yes, those are the memories we brought back from our five months' sojourn among them.

Thank You, I'll Take The Christian College

By

FRANK S. MEAD

EVERY man and woman living has said of something or other at one time or another, "If I could only go back and do that over again. . . ." Usually they refer to some lost opportunity of youth, or some piece of bad judgment they'd like to correct. College graduates often say it of the college they did or did not enter, or of something they did or failed to do in college.

If I had it all to do over again, I would do exactly as I did two decades ago: I'd enter a church college. A church-related or church-maintained school where the chapel means more than the gym.

It has been my good fortune to attend both a small church college and a huge almost anti-church State University. Both were good; I have no rocks to throw through the halls of learning in either. Yet here, after twenty years, I can look back and see certain things that would lead me to pick the church-related school.

I've learned, for one thing, that it is not the size nor the architecture nor the splendor of the school that makes the man, but the atmosphere of the campus and the personalities he meets.

There was chapel in my little church-college. Everyone went to chapel, every morning; we took twenty minutes out of the middle of the morning and gave it to God. When I studied at the University I hardly knew where the chapel was. Nobody went.

We had study-groups in religion at college, a student Y that was actually alive, and a healthy interest in the Student Volunteer Movement. You were not obliged to go in for the groups or the Y or the Volunteers if you didn't want to, but you were not considered queer if you did. I never really met intolerance until I reached the University.

We knew our professors on the college campus; knew them well, intimately, personally. I studied Greek under the grand old father of Wilbur Daniel Steele, the famous American short-story writer; to hear that man read Greek was like going to church. Dr. Steele also taught Bible; what made his teaching fascinating was the fact that we who took Bible under him knew that he lived his Bible. He made us want to live like that. I wouldn't dream of entering a college in which Bible was of secondary interest; if I went again, I'd look around for a school where it was taught as Prof Steele taught it.

We never got very close to the University professors. It couldn't happen there, for there were thirty thousand students!

Then there was the question of attitude. The difference in the two schools seemed to me to be that in the one we were learning to live, in the other learning how to make a living. I believe in the small church college; I think I'd go again to a school in which God is not an idea, but a Presence.

(If you are interested in learning more about the Christian colleges in your vicinity, write College Department, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York.)

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STAMPS

By Winthrop Adams

NONE of us quite dares to say what will happen to the map of Europe in the next year or so; and none of us knows what new stamps may come out of the rearrangement of the map, or what old stamp issues may totally disappear. One guess is as good as another. War always plays havoc in philately.

But considering what has already happened in Poland, Austria and Czechoslovakia, we venture to guess that the current issues put out by Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Norway and Denmark may vanish, at least temporarily, their places being taken by German overprints. Some of these overprints will be of high value, some will be trash not even recognized as postal paper. If Germany loses, we will see the old issues picked up and carried on as though nothing had happened. If Germany wins we will have a lot of new paper.

The Nazis seem to have imposed their own stamps on Holland. The announcement that Eupen and Malmedy and Moresnet have been incorporated into the Reich may indicate that these sections will be forced to use German stamps whether they like it or not. One hundred and eleven new stamps came out of occupations during the last World War; today they are worth a total of some $1300. Working from that, we suggest that occupations of this war are worth your close attention. Ye editor is buying all he can.

France has a new set of stamps issued "for war work." They bear pictures of World War I heroes Foch, Joffre and Gallieni.

Agencies

In case you are interested in the Pan American issues, you can now buy them through a Latin-American Stamp Section of the Pan American Union at Washington, D. C. Address them under this head for full information. No charge is made for services, but return postage must be added to remittances made payable to the Union. The agency does *not* sell the Pan American stamps issued by the U. S.; all other American Republics issues are handled.

The Argentine is now operating a philatelic agency in Buenos Aires, from which you may secure the stamps of that country at face value. Write them: "Jefe de la Seccion Filatelica, Direccion General de Correos y Telegrafos, Calle sarmiento y L. N. Alem, Buenos Aires." It's a long name, but it may save you some money!

Profit

According to a New York dealer, airmail stamp prices have increased about 335 per cent in the last ten years! In 1930 a complete airmail collection was priced by Scott at $5,993.81. Today the same collection is listed at $20,094.30.

Question Box

Q: What is the best way to mount postmarks in an album? Ans.: I'd hinge them, same as stamps, unless they were ultra-valuable. Then use cellophane mounts, cut to whatever size you wish. Crystal-Mount comes in long strips, ready for cutting. Try it.

Q: What do the words "Leva" stand for on a stamp? What country is this? Ans.: This is Bulgaria. Not to be confused with Levant, which is a territory along the east shore of the Mediterranean.

Q: What is an "overprint"? Ans.: Anything printed on a stamp after the stamp itself has been printed.

Q: Why do you say "mint" for unused stamps? Ans.: We say it because it is the term most frequently used, and because it describes the perfect, unused condition of the stamp just as it comes from the *mint* or printing office; a mint stamp is one which has the original gum on the back, which has never been hinged, cancelled or otherwise impaired.

Q: I recently bought a packet of 500 stamps, and over 100 were exactly alike. Why do you recommend packets? Ans.: Buy only from reliable dealers, and then be sure of what you're buying. Packets are cheap; you must expect some duplication, but not this much. Get list of reliable dealers from *Christian Herald*, free for three cents postage.

Q: What is meant by the term "wrapper"? Ans.: This is a sheet of paper gummed on one end and printed with a stamp to be used for wrapping and mailing newspapers, etc. Some old U. S. wrappers run into money. See your catalogue.

(Continued from page 24)

ly the fine ideals of the Scout Law among the 13,000 Scouts in the Los Angeles area.

You will gather from the above brief survey that George Pepperdine believes pretty thoroughly in the slogan his Foundation has adopted—*"Building a better world of tomorrow by improving the youth of today"*—and that he is doing all right by his calling as a twentieth-century steward of God. He has made the religious motive, with which he invests his every personal as well as philanthropic project, a force that cannot be laughed off by the inveterate lampooners of religion as a promoter of human betterment. He believes that the future stability of America depends upon the character training of youth, and that the teachings of Jesus, with their application to present-day problems, must have a definite place in the program.

Any mention of his name in the papers invariably inspires hordes of gold-rushers, who see in him the answer to all their dreams of rainbow's-end, to come at him with hands extended, palms up. We had to assure him that *Herald* readers were not among those who hunger to reap where they have not sown, but that if he would give us the story all of us would be profited by the rare example of a man who accepted money as other men accept a calling to the ministry—a charge to keep, a God to glorify.

We must have convinced him, for here's the story.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR JULY

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

JULY 7

Job Tempted to Doubt God's Goodness

(Printed lesson, Job 2:1-13)

THE book of Job falls into five well-defined divisions; the first and last are in prose, the three between are in poetry. Part I is a prologue, gives the setting, introduces the characters. It consists of chapters 1 and 2. Part II (chapters 3 to 31) contains the debate between Job and his three friends—Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. These speeches are arranged in three circles, each friend speaking in turn and receiving his answer from Job before the next one takes up the charge. Part III (chapters 32 to 37) brings in a new speaker, Elihu, who takes exception to some of the speech of Job. Part IV (chapters 38 to 42:6) brings the direct word of the Lord to Job, and Part V (42:7-17) brings the epilogue.

First, we should grasp and hold a few important facts: Job was a man in the land of Uz, with righteous character, and fearing God. He had sons and daughters, great flocks, and other possessions. Job trained his children well. One day the messengers of God presented themselves before Him to give an account of their observations of the people of the earth, God having appointed them to that mission. Among them came the Adversary (the Satan) whose particular purpose it is "to detect men in sin and then oppose their claims to righteousness before God." To the Adversary God pointed out the goodness of Job, only to receive the reply, "Doth Job serve God for naught? Take away his riches and he will renounce you. He is righteous because it pays him to be so." Satan received the commission to strip Job of all his possessions, his flocks, his grain, his servants, and even his children. But when this was done, Job was humble before God, and complained not a word.

A second time the Adversary came with other messengers before God, and reported that the reason Job did not sin was that his own body was not touched. "Only oppress him personally, and he will soon renounce you," the Adversary said. On being given permission so to do, the Adversary smote Job with painful and loathsome boils all over his body. Even Job's wife urged him to renounce his devotion to God. But Job stayed true, and never sinned against God.

Job had three friends who came to sympathize with him in his misfortunes. So great was his affliction that at first they could not talk to him, but for seven days they sat patiently by his side without a word, letting their presence do its work.

Some questions come up repeatedly as the years of human existence come and go, even among faithful believers. They are like this: Why does affliction rest on good people? Why did God take away my child? Why do wicked people prosper,

(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

while the good lose all? Why is the Adversary allowed to work? The book of Job has answers for all.

JULY 14

Job's Struggle to Faith in Life After Death

(Printed lesson, Job 14:13-17; 17:13-16; 19:23-29)

CHAPTERS 3 to 14 present the first round of debate between Job and his three friends. Before the actual discussion begins, because of his misery Job curses the day on which he was born. It would be better if he had not been born at all (chap. 3). Then with chapter 4 comes the first speech of Eliphaz, followed by Job's answer; then the first speech of Bildad, and Job's answer; then the first speech of Zophar, and Job's answer. Chapters 15 to 21 present the second round of speeches, in the same order.

In the second round of speeches Job receives no real comfort from his friends. Since he knows he is no great sinner, he cannot accept the explanation which they give. There is but one thing for him, Job says, and that is the grave.

But the third passage (19:23-29) brings Job's second answer to Bildad, and, in the midst of it, a sudden burst of triumph. He shall have a Vindicator (Redeemer), and it is God, who is alive. Since Job is to die because of his sufferings, this vindication on the part of God can come only after Job's death, and therefore there *must* be a future life. "To this he has come at last; beginning with absolute disbelief, he has worked his way to it, through great longing for it."

Teaching Points

1. Job was right in his contention that not all suffering is the result of sin.

2. What he did not know was that God makes serious test of men through affliction, and that thereby they are made strong.

3. Confidence in life after death not only dispels the fear of unmerited punishment, but establishes faith in personal contact with the eternal.

JULY 21

Job's Repentance and Restoration

Job 42:1-13

VERSES 1-6 tell of the effect which the words of Jehovah had on Job. At the first he had been silenced. Then, as God continued, Job had seen himself in true perspective. As he looked on God and heard His words of power, the contrast was all too plain. He had even dared to complain against his Maker; he had challenged God's right to afflict him. Now Job acknowledges God's almighty power and the purposes that underlie His every act (1, 2); he admits that he had spoken without knowledge and of things beyond his understanding (3); and he confesses that hearsay about God is not enough, but that a real vision of Him opens eyes and heart; for his hasty words he repents in dust and ashes.

1. Even good people may be visited with heavy afflictions, not because of their personal sin, but because God seeks thus to refine and strengthen character.

2. It is foolish presumption for me complain against God when trouble con or to charge Him with being unfair unloving, for "no man is in a position fathom the wisdom and counsel of Go

3. The loving God will in the end h compassion on the good who suffer, vided they continue to hold to God faith, or humbly repent of their patience. James 5:11, "Behold we co them happy which endure. Ye have he of the patience of Job, and have seen end of the Lord; that the Lord is v pitiful, and of tender mercy."

4. Man cannot do what God d There must always be a gulf betw them. Man cannot even understand explain what God does. But he can t in the eternal purposes of the almig and loving Father.

JULY 28

Weighing Consequences

(A PRINCIPLE OF TEMPERATE LIVIN
Prov. 1:7-10; Isa. 5:11, 12, 18-23; Gal. 6:7

IN THE day when the proverb about ners who entice was written, the sinn referred to were robbers and viol people. They lay in wait to plunder to beat down. In our day *the sinners* any bad companions, whose influences widespread and varied. But for m young people the direct danger from s companionship comes in the temptat to strong drink, or to tobacco, or gambling, or to sexual pleasure.

It is still true that the first drink, first smoke, the first bet, the first modest suggestion is the worst beca of its long trail of followers. The one offers the first chance to indulgence t pure-minded youth, wanting to "follow law of mother," is a sinner, no matter cultured he may appear to be. Here sharp warning about beginnings—"If ners entice thee, consent thou not." O started at any point by evil companie a youth has little chance to resist go far into sin.

Evil habits pull away from (Isa. 5:11, 12, 18-23). These verses many woes for sinners, in part as follo

(a) Woe to the devotees of drink pleasure (11, 12). Morning drunkenn depicts the control which strong dr has over its victims, that they seek early and late. A drunken person ne has regard for the work of the Lord.

(b) Woe to those who dare to d Jehovah's judgment until it pounces u them, and they see it. They have chai themselves to sin with strong ropes, beasts of burden are held in check, made to do another's will. (18, 19.)

(c) Woe to those who have no clear moral decision between good and e "The just God cannot approve of those thrones of judgment whose only ambit is to be praised for their ability in drink and their skill in producing drin *(Messages of the Earlier Prophe* (20-22.)

The sorrowful trail of alcohol is evident in daily experience, as hinted in these verses, that the warning should flashed at every bar, in every hotel tavern, and at every social gathering public place or in the homes of the called respectable, "Think before drink."

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(Continued from page 44)

Making allowance for our frailty as Thou dost, yet enable us, by Thy mighty Spirit, to endure.

SATURDAY, JULY 27

"LIKE A WATERED GARDEN."
READ GALATIANS 5:16-26.

A STRANGER once, upon a dusty road, walked wearisomely on. And as he passed a garden by the way, he asked that he some flowers might have to cheer the toilsome hour. But churlishly they bade the man begone. Then lo! a robe of royal purple lay beneath. It was no stranger, but the king. And he had asked in vain.

If Christ came to the garden of our souls, would He find those choice blooms of the Spirit—love, joy, peace?

Blessed Master, help us to tend the soil of our souls, that we may bring glory to Thee.

SUNDAY, JULY 28

"BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST."
READ ROMANS 6:12-19.

THERE are a quarter million compounds known to chemists, by which the body may be benefited or pain relieved. In the divine pharmacopoeia there is only one remedy for sin—the blood of Christ; only one antidote to worry—the mind stayed upon Jehovah; only one energizing factor—the love of Christ which constraineth us.

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind."

MONDAY, JULY 29

"THOUGH HE WAS RICH,
YET . . . BECAME POOR."
READ II CORINTHIANS 8:1-12.

A CHINESE general, who later filled a high office in the state, had one curious habit. Every day, he carried a pack on his back. He kept this by his desk. One night, a thief broke into the house, seized the pack, but was later arrested. In court, the pack was opened, and it contained—merely six bricks. This general had once been a brick carrier. That he might not forget his debt to God, he daily bore the pack.

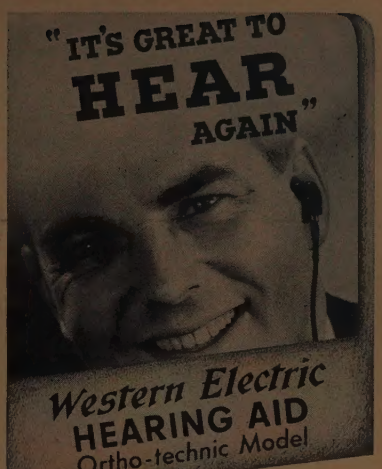
We cannot measure what our redemption meant to Thee, but we can seek to honor Thee in our lives. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 30

"THE SUFFERINGS OF THIS PRESENT TIME."
READ ROMANS 8:14-28.

WHEN the unsinkable *Titanic* went down in 1912, among the passengers rescued was a young singer returning from Europe. She had taken the capitals by storm. London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna had feted her. But after long hours in an

(Continued on page 63)



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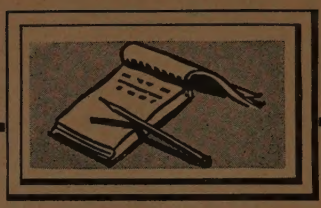


EDITED BY

Paul Maynard

A New Use for Kansas Sod Houses

Editor, Christian Herald, Norcatur, Kan.

Dear Sir:

I am reading the May number of the "Herald" with at least the usual appreciation. Am especially interested in "Democracy's Children" by Howard Rushmore and sorry for you when you had to use the "indistinct" picture on page 18. It looks to me like the board and tarpaper shacks I have seen in Michigan woods. For something different I am inclosing one of a sod house. I presume ninety per cent of the pioneers of the prairie states lived in them for a time. With a breaking plow, a team and a spade, this kind of building material could be ready for a house in ten minutes and very few of them were ever built alone. The neighbors just would not have it so. The log house, of course, would lead as a pioneer home, but the sod is surely well up at the front.

O. E. Furman

If these sod huts are bomb proof they might well be revived.

Communism in China

Framingham, Mass.

Dear Editor:

In answer to Mr. Sato's letter, I should like to present a few facts on Communism in China.

Before Japan attacked China the Chinese government, under Chiang Kai-shek, was fighting against Communism with all its might.

The Communists had been driven from fertile Kiangsi province in Central China to barren Shensi province on the Northwestern border. Then Japan attacked China and the government was forced to make peace with the Communists in the face of an alien foe. Communism in China might have been driven out before this had the Japanese not invaded China. Communism is not widespread in China, and the people do not desire it. Unless Japan wins and makes conditions unbearable, there is no danger that it will succeed there.

I spent four years in China and thus feel authorized to make this statement.

Dorothy E. Bascom

All our information from China confirms the view point of this reader.

Preliminary Report on Straw Vote for President

Republican Votes	62.6%
Split Tickets	19.1 "
Democratic Votes	12.0 "
Prohibition Votes	6.3 "

Babson	14.6%
Dewey	12.8 "
Taft	11.4 "
Vandenberg	11.4 "
Hoover	9.0 "
Hull	6.9 "
Wheeler	2.8 "
Willkie (Write in votes)	2.0 "
Roosevelt (" " ")	2.0 "

FINALS NEXT MONTH

This Friend, At Least, Is Tolera

Charlestown, Indiana

Dear Editor:

I read each month with increasi amazement the letters of those who so forget their innate courtesy as to bera *Christian Herald* for publishing this that which is contrary to their way thinking. We should remember that great national monthly must cater to views of a vast number. But those who bitterly oppose certain publications se to be in minority. Perhaps they should some re-thinking.

Being a small town person, alive to "T Town" doings, I am thrilled by your pag They mean much to us who read and preciate. Long may you live! And prosp

Clare Johnson

Since creation, we suppose, t human race has confused intol ance with righteousness. Witho making too much excuse for t "beraters," we must in all fairn point out that most of the great forms of the world have been mo vated by "intolerant" people, w probably weren't much fun to li with.

Better Church News?

Sebastopol, Californi

Dear Editor:

I realize articles that are of little or interest to me may be most interesting others, but some do seem mainly wor words dry as college professors' sermons lectures. I do not like articles on archit ture. I like those on the Bowery, on F land, some stories. I would like some g eral church news, what churches are doi especially my own Congregational. Thou not a denominational paper the *Her* does seem rather Methodistic, at tim More of what is going on in our own other countries would not be bad.

Clara H. William

If Miss Williams thinks colle professors represent the acme dryness, we'd like to show her so of the general church news th passes across our desk. One of great weaknesses of Protestantism its ineptitude in creating live new

"Back to The Bible?"

Trego, Wisc

Dear Editor:

In a very direct sense is it not misle ing to use such slogans as Back to Bible and God?" Does it not intim that our ancestors were "with the Bi and God." Then, if that is so, does it become a slogan of reproach and failu I think we are following afar off and n to "Go forward to the Bible and God." course, I understand what is meant "Let's go back to the Bible", but w never get it by "going back"—it must by going forward.

J. P. Penningto

A better slogan might be "Le catch up with the Bible. Of cou no branch of the human race has been able to come anywhere n doing this.

(Continued from page 36)

nflict or that which is infinitely more to
desired—the presentation of a pro-
am for peace that represents our max-
num and sacrificial offering. For this we
ve waited too long. There are those
ho insist that it is now too late. But
ch a program will remain as the ulti-
ate and only answer to war. We have
ied all other ways. Once more they
ve led the world to a catastrophe, a
tastrophe that may wreck civilization
d twentieth-century culture for a hun-
ed years.

The United States, with an immediate,
crificial program for peace, even now
uld arrest the attention of the world.
ery soon it may be too late.

To support such a program as this, the
ublic opinion of the nation must be
oused and organized. One movement
f the Christian Church—the Christian
ndeavor Society, which meets for its
ext international convention in Atlantic
ity, in July, 1941—has already launched
campaign to enroll a hundred thousand
ouths and to enlist them in support of
ch a peace program. This is only the
eginning. But it is a worthy beginning.
is a Christian beginning.

The world rocks!

American freedom for the next hun-
red years is in the balance.

The time is now.

OTE:

*On May 25, the Northern Baptist Conven-
on convening in Atlantic City, unanimously
dopted these seven points "in principle" and
eferred them to the General Council "to
iscuss and implement."*

*On May 28, the Board of Trustees of the
nternational Society of Christian Endeavor
nanimously adopted these seven points and
ade them the enlistment and registration
rogram for the Atlantic City International
hristian Endeavor Convention, July, 1941.*

(Continued from page 61)

open boat, adrift among towering ice-
bergs, the dread experience robbed her
of her voice. She never could sing
again. Yet she found in service for
others means to express the serious pur-
pose born that night.

Think of your trials in this light. They
have a meaning.

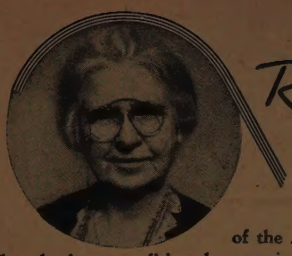
*We do not know why Thou dost allow
trials, but we know Thee through Christ.
Amen.*

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31

"HE THAT HATH NO SWORD . . . BUY ONE."
READ LUKE 22:31-37.

THOSE were strange words coming from Christ. Our Lord spoke in oriental imagery. That conviction was more important than comfort; that the sword of a vital faith was not to be compared with the formal profession of religion with which some cloaked their souls. How necessary it is that we should make any sacrifice so that life may be equipped for its spiritual warfare.

Save us, O Master, from the self-centered and ease-loving life. Fire our hearts with loyalty to Thee.



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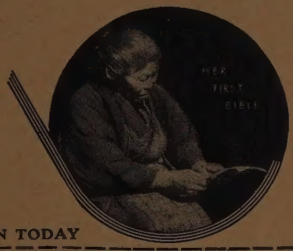

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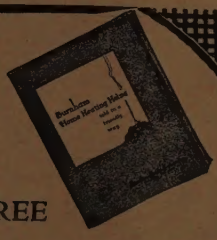

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Why Did God Allow This War

By Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft

Poet's Bell, by Beatrice Plumb

A delightful story of a sentimental idea told as only Miss Plumb can tell.

Tama Blazes a Trail

A short story of Bible days

By Fletcher D. Slater

Holland Folks

By Lewis B. Sebring

Also Fred Barton, Margaret Sangster, Frank Mead, and all the regular features

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SU

That Explains It

Kitty—Whenever I'm down in the dumps, I buy myself a new hat.

Cat—Oh, so that's where you get them!

—Exchange.

Somebody's Mistake

Teacher—If you have $10 in one pocket and $15 in the other, what have you?

Steve—I have on the wrong pants.

—Exchange.

Don't Blame Her

Mrs. Maggs: "I always say, my dear, one half of the world doesn't know 'ow the other half lives."

Mrs. Biggs: "Well, Mrs. Maggs, it isn't your fault if they don't."

—Exchange.

Overestimated

Bix: "See here, what do you mean by going around telling people I am a first-class idiot?"

Dix: "I didn't say first-class."

—Watchman-Examiner.

If He Had His Deserts

An Englishman and an Irishman, riding together, passed a gallows.

"Where would you be," asked the Englishman, "if the gallows had its due?"

"Riding alone, belike," replied the Irishman.

—Watchman-Examiner.

Anxious to Know

Ed—"Hello! hello! This you, Bill? Say, did you see the story of my death in this morning's paper?"

Bill—"Sure, Ed, I saw it. Where are you talking from?"

—Farm Journal.

Awkward

Soph: "How long have you been shaving?"

Frosh: "Four years now."

Soph: "G'wan."

Frosh: Yes, Sir. Cut myself both times."

—Exchange.

Natural Question

Little Betty, watching the farm hands spreading out a stack of hay to dry, could contain her curiosity no longer, so she politely asked: "Is it a needle you're looking for?"

Precaution

"Sam," said the old Southern planter, talking to his faithful old Negro servant, "if you die first, I want you to come back and tell me what it's like over there. If I go first, I'll do the same for you."

"Dat suits me, Massa," replied San "but iffen you-all dies fust, ah wants yo to promise t' come back in de daytime.

—Exchange.

Moving Suggestio

"Did you hear about the delicate hir Mr. Staylate got last night?"

"No; what was it?"

"Well, Edith found that looking at th clock and similar devices were of n avail; so she asked for some refreshment and her mother sent in a dish of breal fast food."

—Lookout.

He'll Need It

"Why do you want such a big sink? asked the plumber.

"Well," explained the man who wa building a new home, "when my wif leaves in the summer, she's generall gone for a month."

—Selected.

Clincher

Baptist Sam: "You kin read, can't you?

Methodist Mose: "Yes."

Sam: "Well, I s'pose you is read o Bible hain't you?"

Mose: "Yes, course I has."

Sam: "You is read 'bout John d Baptist, hain't you?"

Mose: "Yes."

Sam: "Well, you never read 'bout n John de Mefodis', did you?"

—Advance.

At This Season . . . .

He leaned over the garden fence.

"I say, old fellow," he said, "I unde stand that you have Thompson's ne rake."

"Yes, I have," replied the good neigh bor.

"Good," said the first. "If you'll le me borrow that occasionally I'll let yo use Smith's roller whenever you need it.

—Exchange.

Overreached

A Scotchman, learning that a certai doctor charged $5 for the first visit an only $2 for the second, walked into th doc's office one day and said:

"Well, doctor, here I am again."

"I don't remember you," replied th doctor. "At any rate, how are you fee ing?"

"Not at all well, doctor, not at all well.

"Just continue your last prescriptio for another week, then; two dollar please."

—Selected.